

No. 28  
DEC.  
JAN.



PUSS'N POOCH

# Leading COMICS

A 52 PAGE MAGAZINE

featuring  
**PETER  
PORKCHOPS**

TEN  
CENTS



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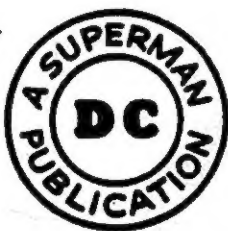


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BLACK STRIPES ON WHITE,  
OR WHITE ONES ON BLACK,  
WE DON'T KNOW QUITE—  
BUT ZEBRAS ALL KNOW,  
FOR COMIC BOOKS BEST,  
THE ONES WITH THIS SYMBOL  
EXCEL ALL THE REST!



-ON THE COVER OF  
**BOY  
COMMANDOS**  
FOR EXAMPLE,  
IT'S YOUR  
GUARANTEE  
OF THE **BEST**  
IN ANY COMIC  
MAGAZINE!

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# PETER PORKCHOPS

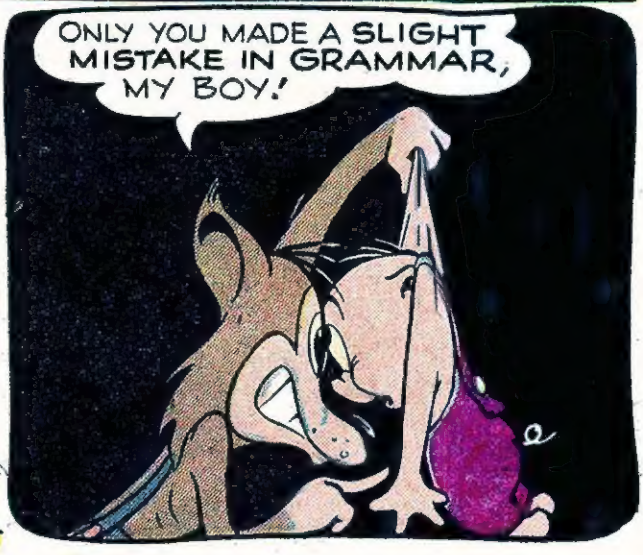
TRA LA TRA LA TRA LA ...  
WHAT A WONDERFUL DAY TO  
SPEND ON THE WATER.



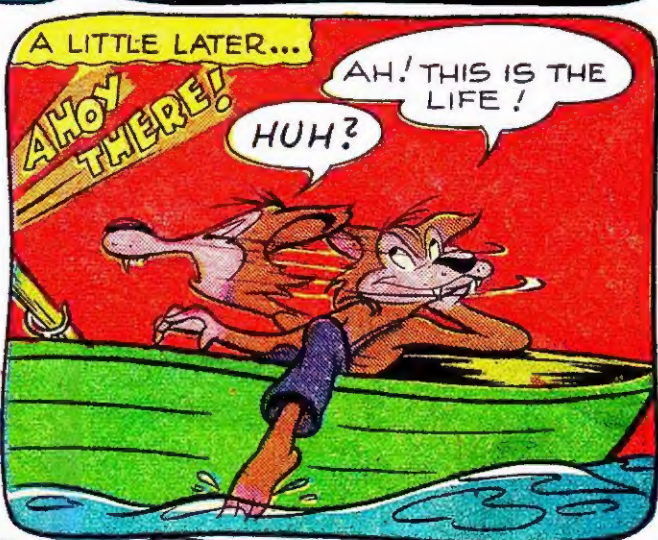
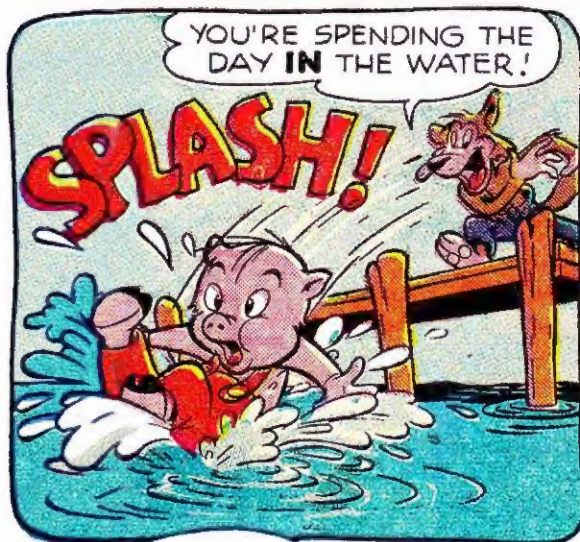
HOW TRUE!



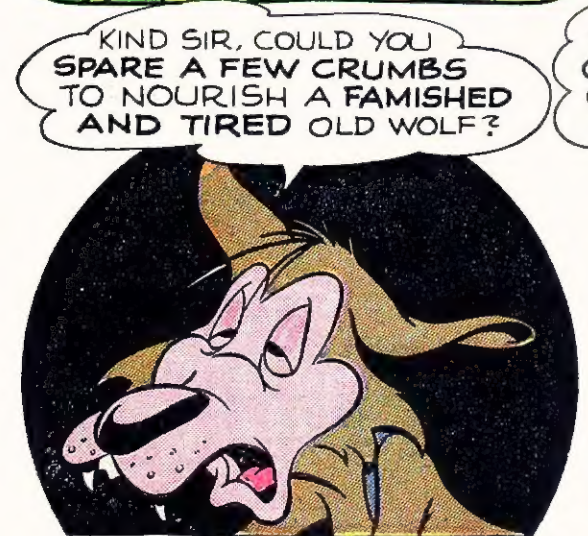
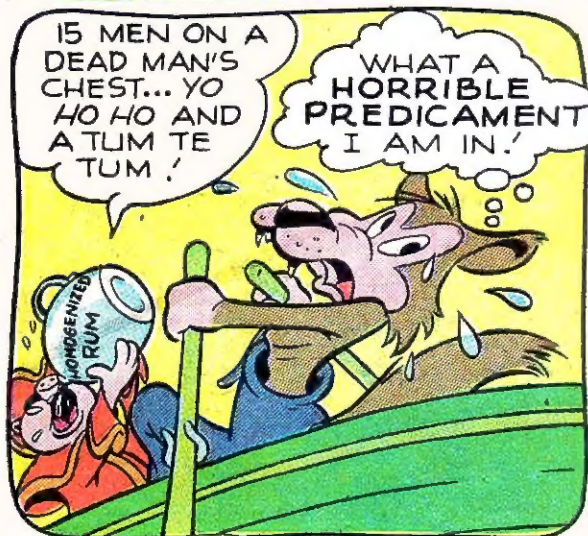
ONLY YOU MADE A SLIGHT  
MISTAKE IN GRAMMAR,  
MY BOY!



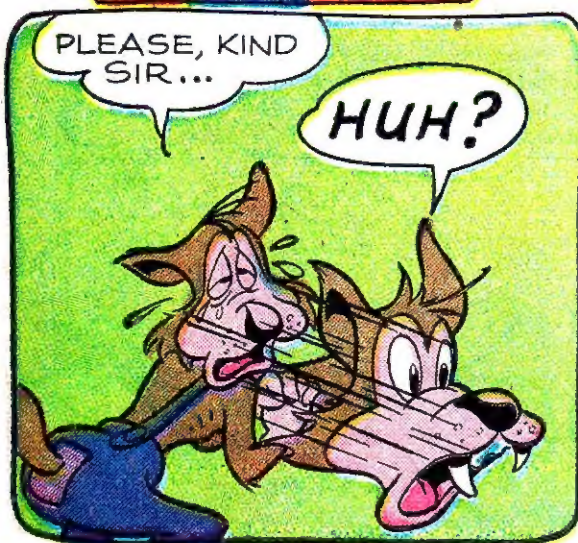
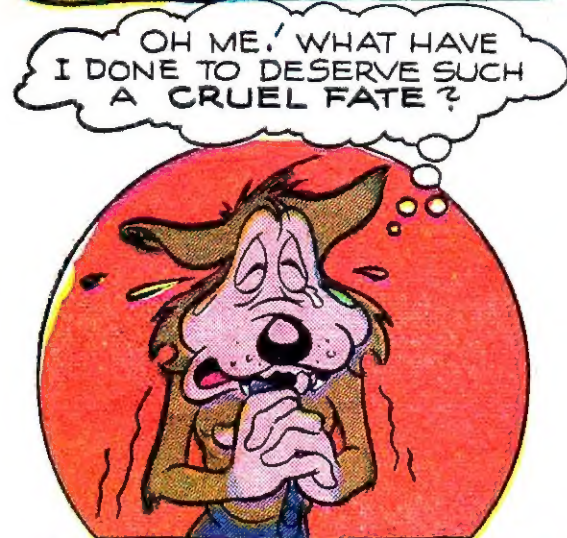
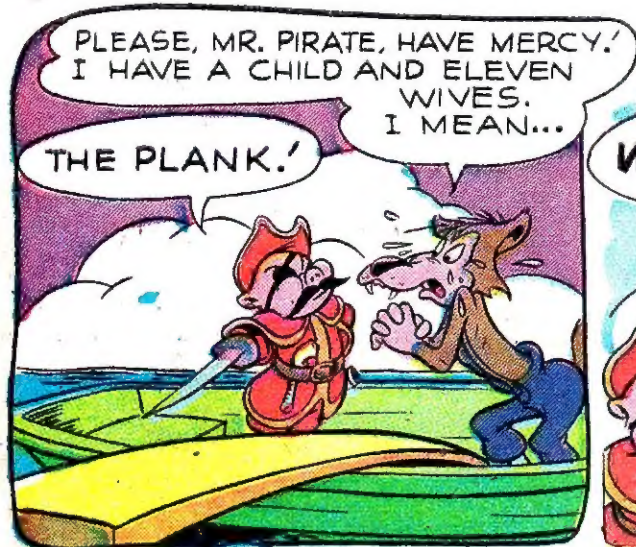




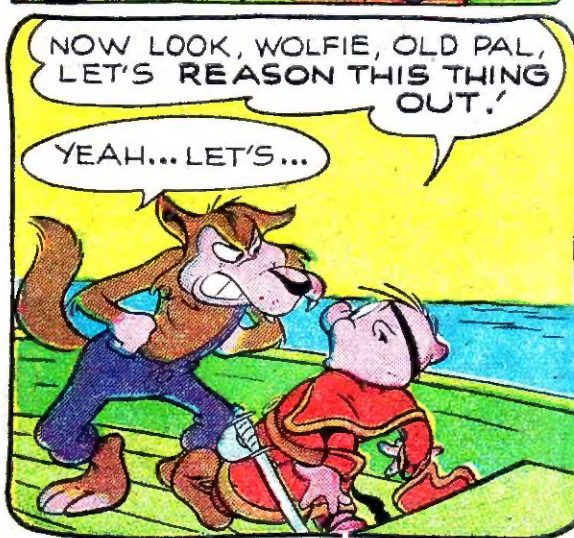
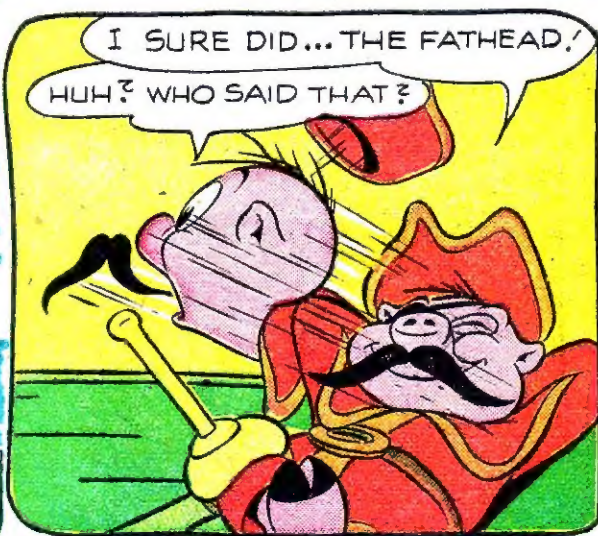
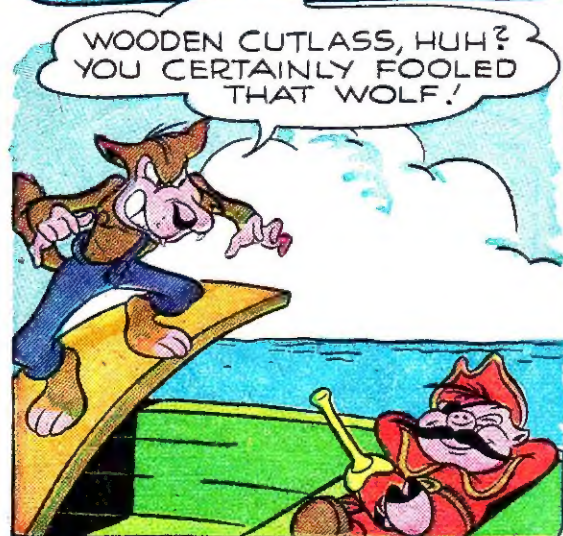
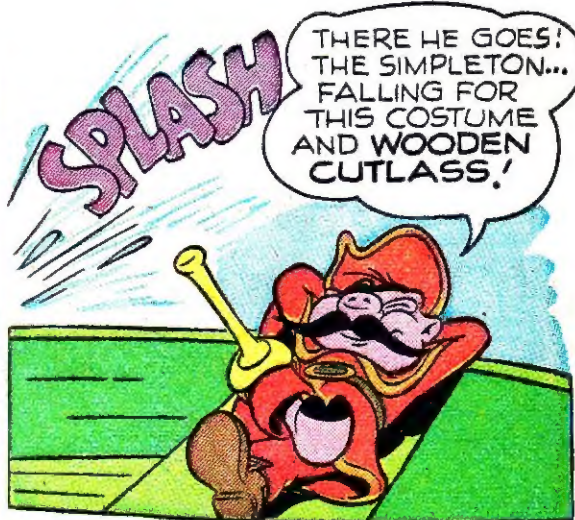




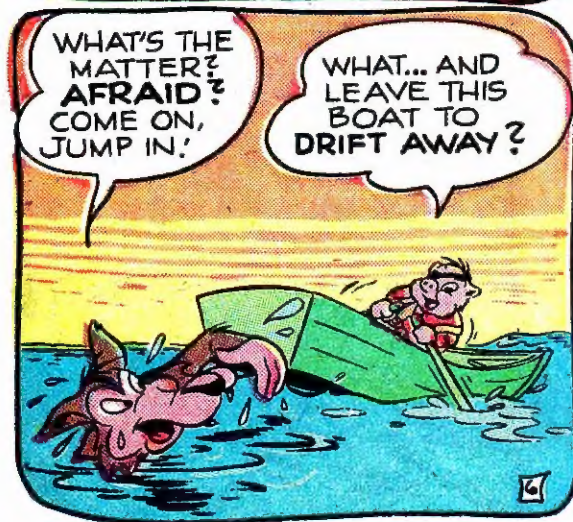
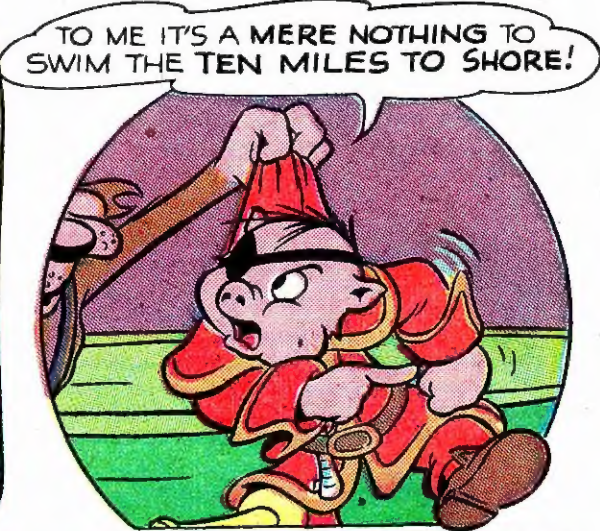
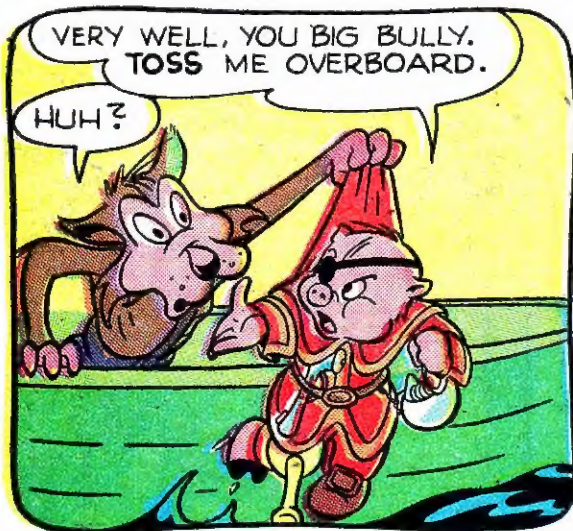








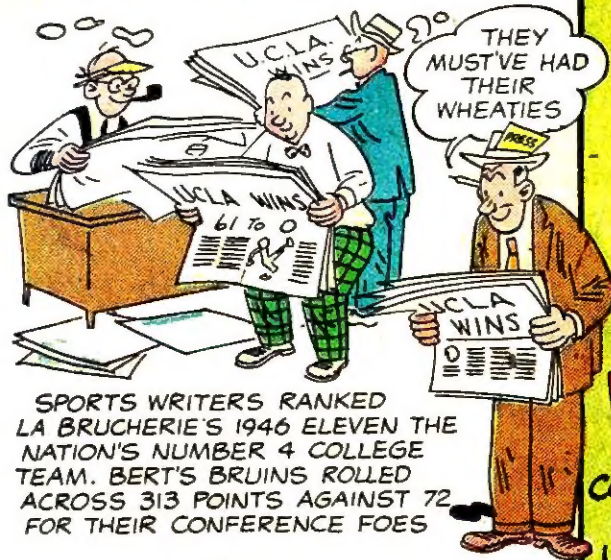








IN 1946 -- ONLY HIS SECOND YEAR AS U.C.L.A. COACH -- LA BRUCHERIE LED THE CALIFORNIANS TO AN UNDEFEATED CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE PACIFIC COAST CONFERENCE



SPORTS WRITERS RANKED LA BRUCHERIE'S 1946 ELEVEN THE NATION'S NUMBER 4 COLLEGE TEAM. BERT'S BRUINS ROLLED ACROSS 313 POINTS AGAINST 72 FOR THEIR CONFERENCE FOES

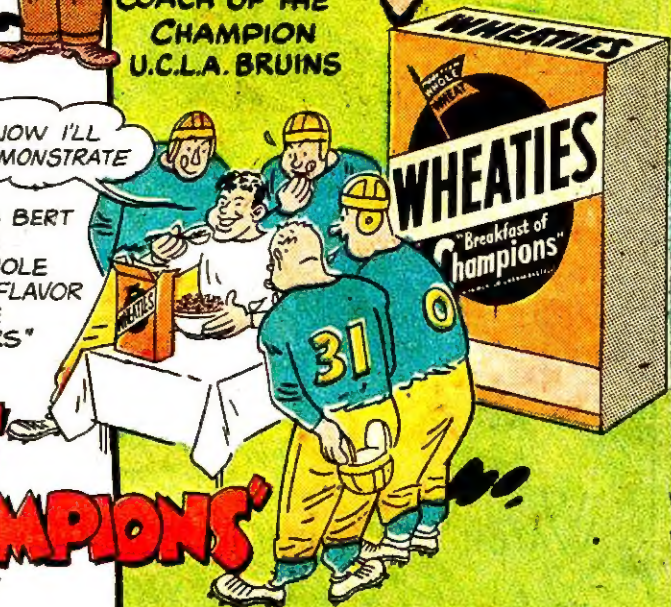
**M**Y BOYS OFTEN HEAR ME RECOMMEND A BIG BOWL OF MILK, FRUIT, AND WHEATIES. BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS, AS A TOP-FLIGHT TRAINING DISH, SAYS BERT LA BRUCHERIE. **IT'S MY FAVORITE BREAKFAST DISH. THOSE CRISP WHOLE WHEAT FLAKES, WHEATIES, HAVE A FLAVOR THAT'S HIT IT OFF WITH MY APPETITE FOR YEARS**

NOW I'LL DEMONSTRATE

**WHEATIES**  
**"BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS"**

WITH MILK AND FRUIT

"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trade marks of General Mills, Inc.

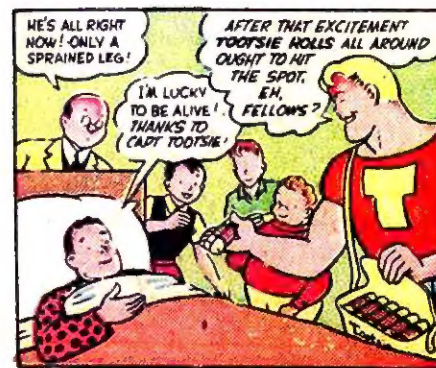
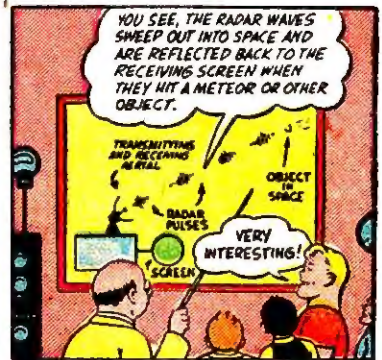
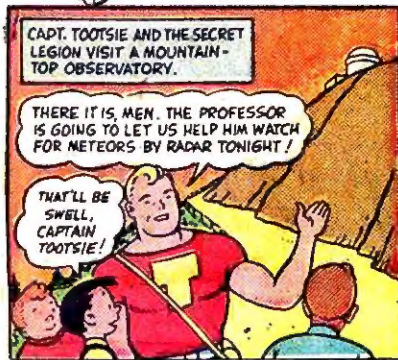




# **TOOTSIE**

## **RADAR RESCUE**

PRICE BACK AND FIFTH CONTINUED





# ROLY AND POLY



WE'RE LISTENING TO YOUR RADIO, EGBERT. OURS IS BUSTED.

HEY—OVER THERE! WHAT ARE YOU TWO DOIN'?

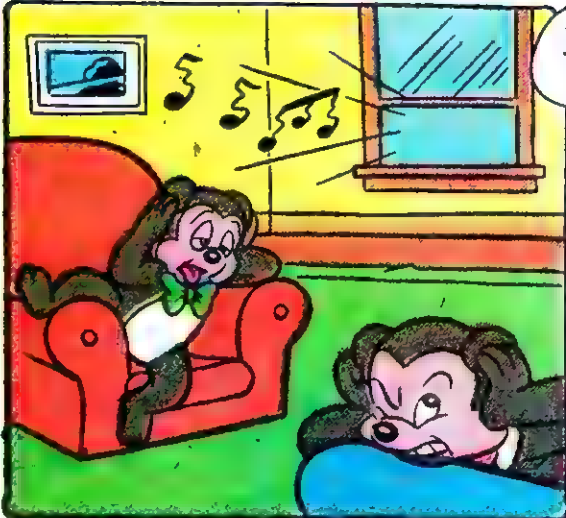
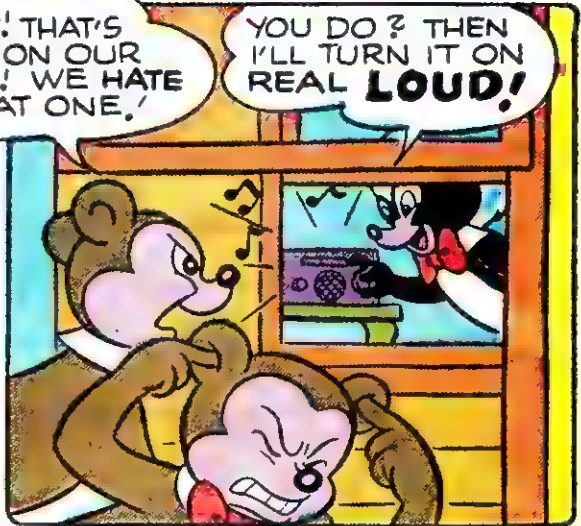
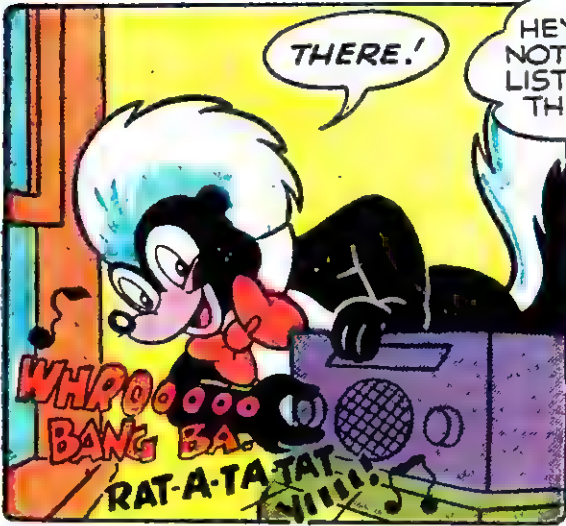
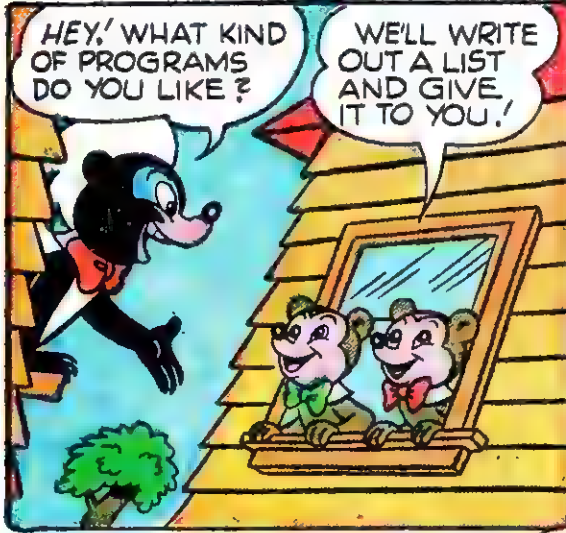
IZZAT SO! WHO GAVE YOU PERMISSION TO LISTEN TO MY RADIO?

WE CAN'T HELP HEARING IT, EGBERT.

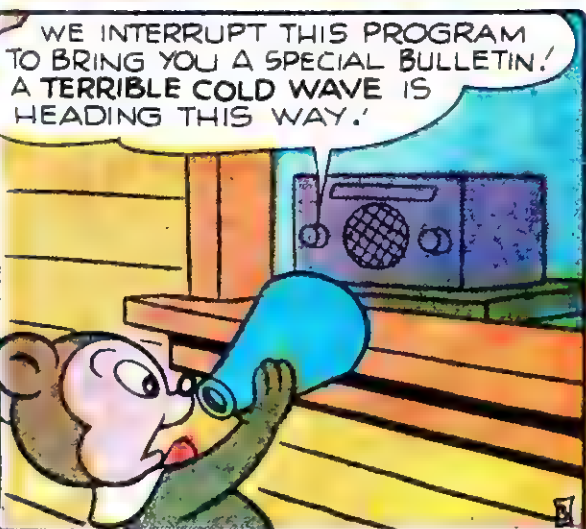
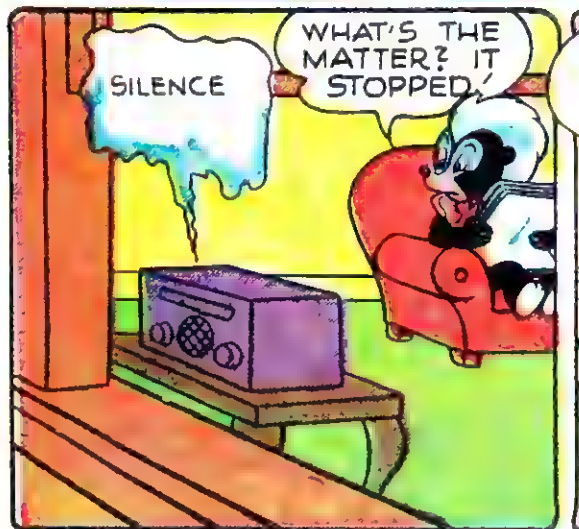
THE NERVE OF THOSE GUYS! LISTENING TO MY RADIO!



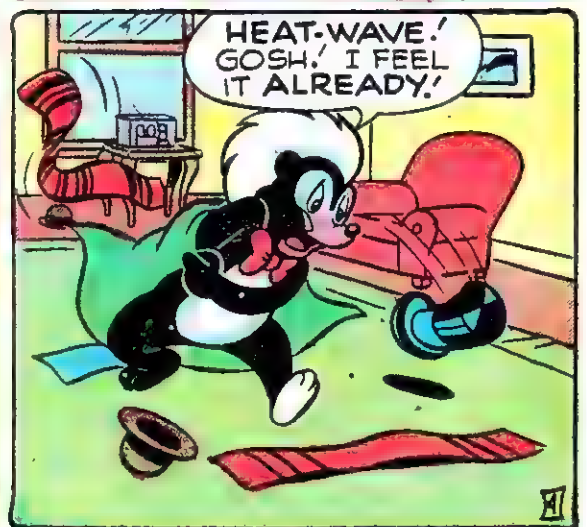
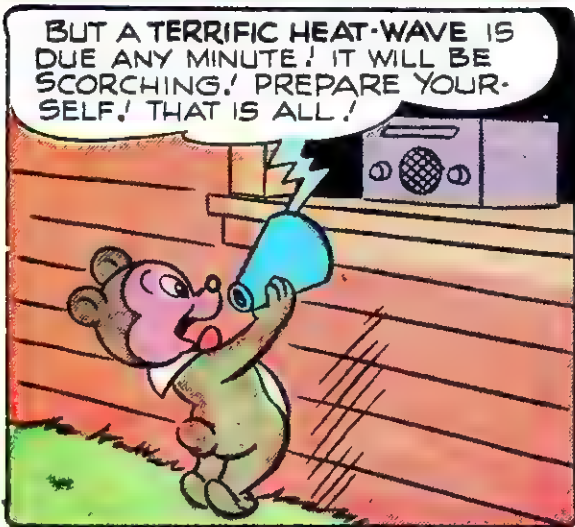
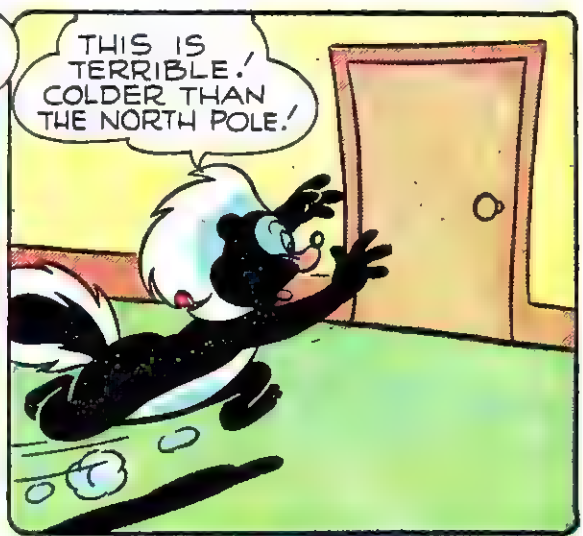




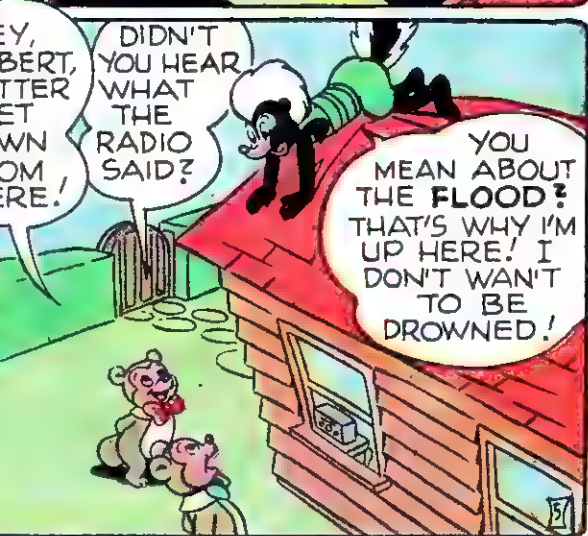
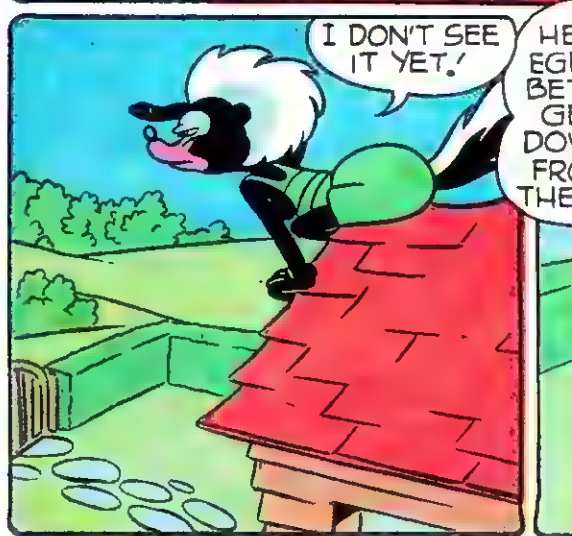
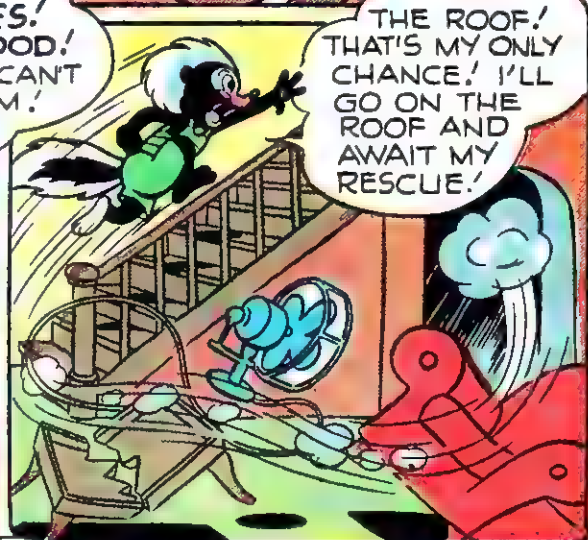
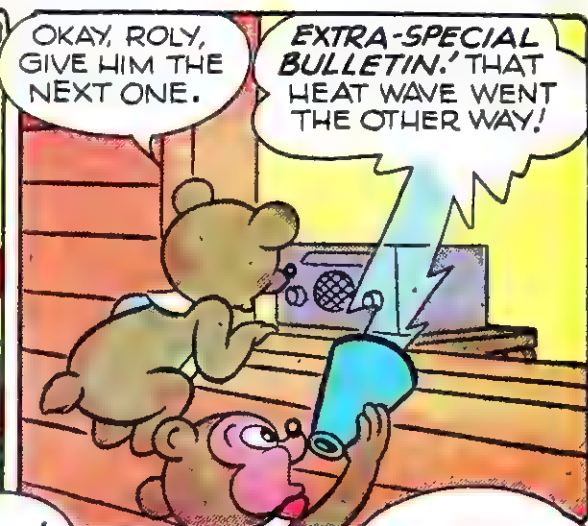
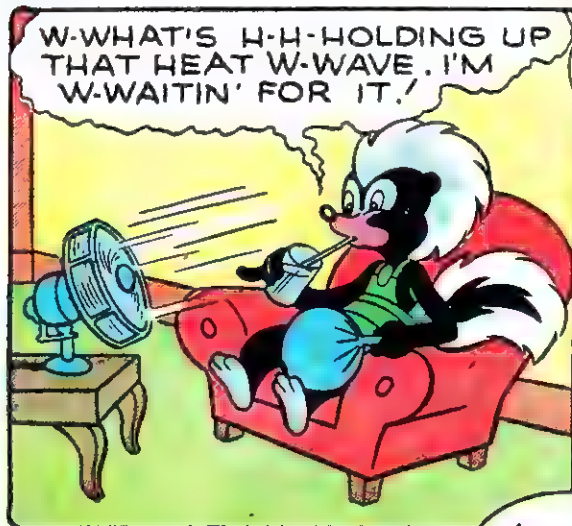




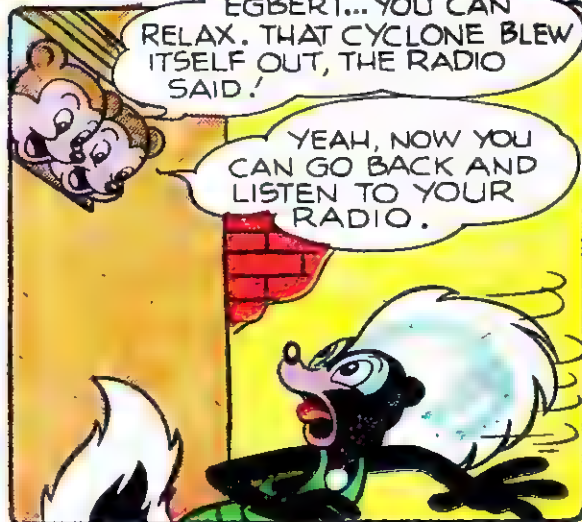
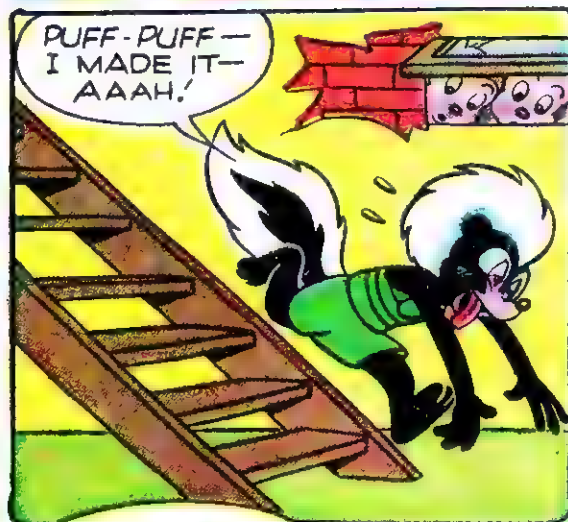
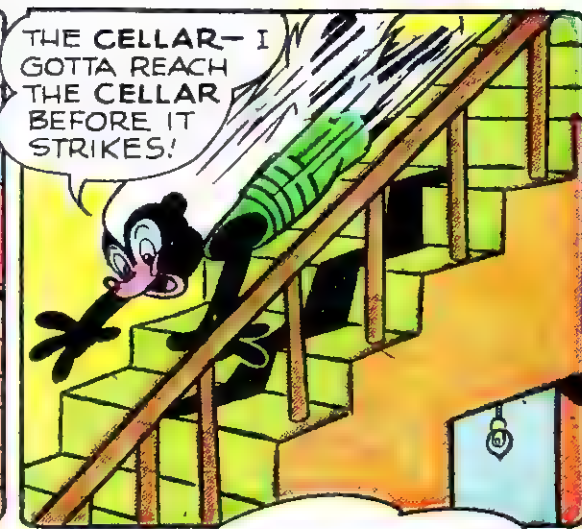




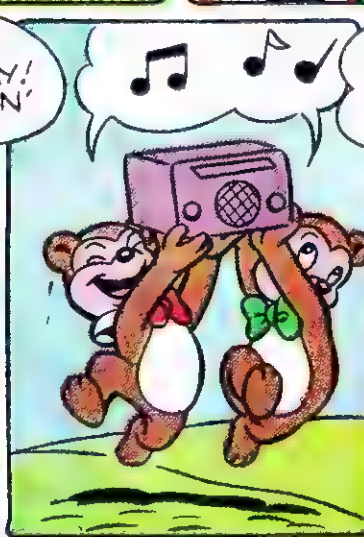








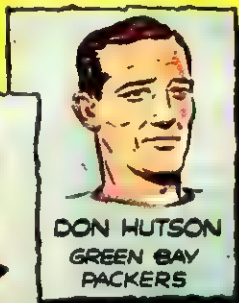
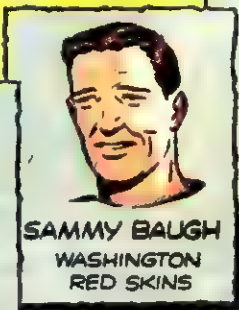
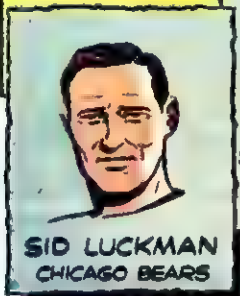
YEAH, NOW YOU  
CAN GO BACK AND  
LISTEN TO YOUR  
RADIO.



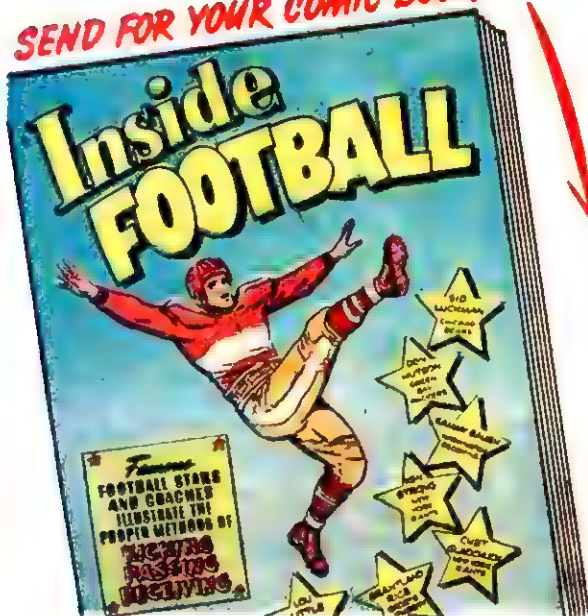


"HEY, FELLOWS  
LOOK WHO WE'VE GOT!..."

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Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_



# PUSS 'N POOCH

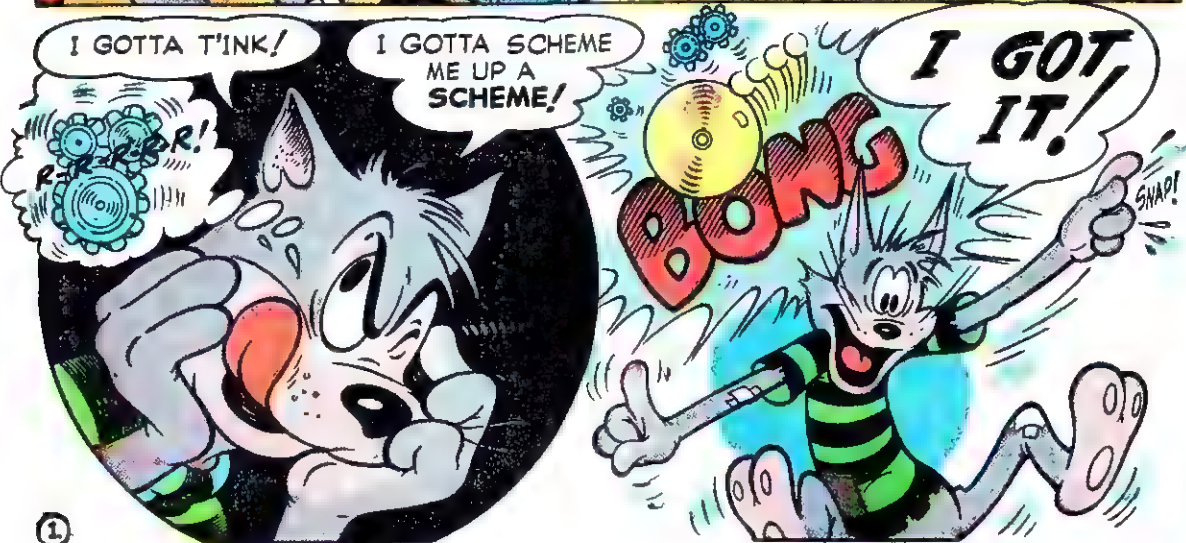
LOOKA DAT POOCH,  
WALLOWIN' IN WEALT'---  
WHILE HERE AM I,  
POICIVAL P. PUSS, A  
PENNILESS PAUPER!



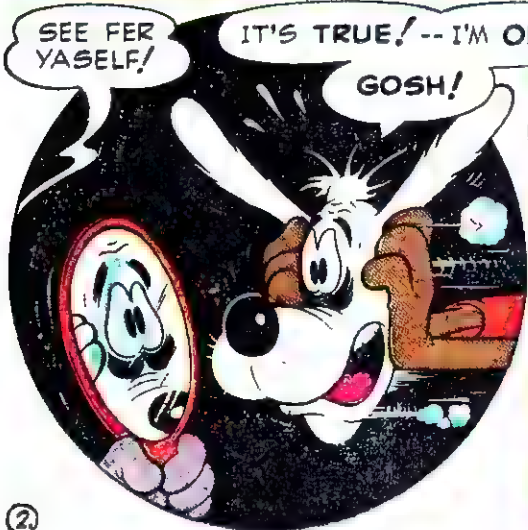
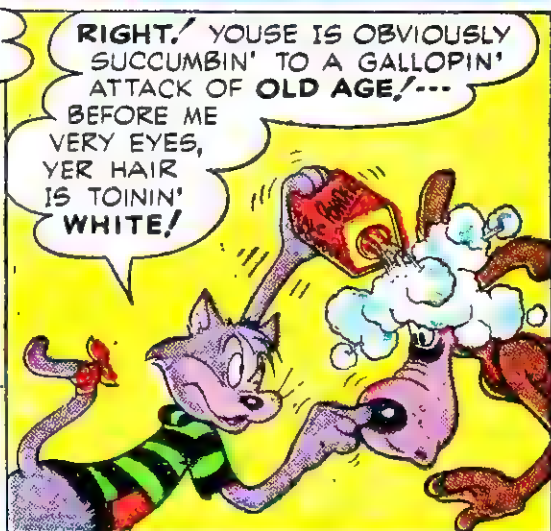
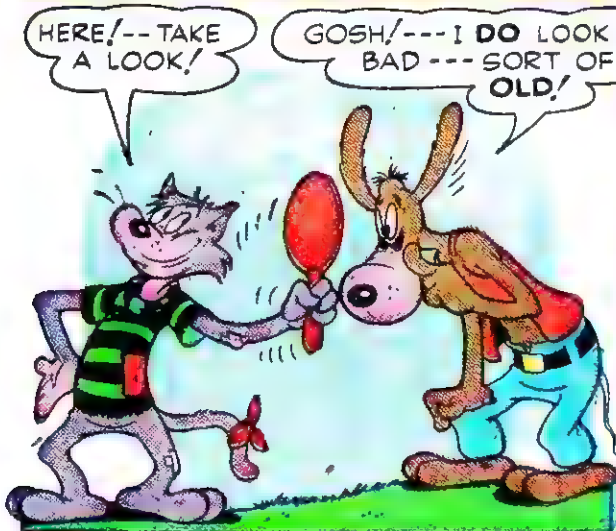
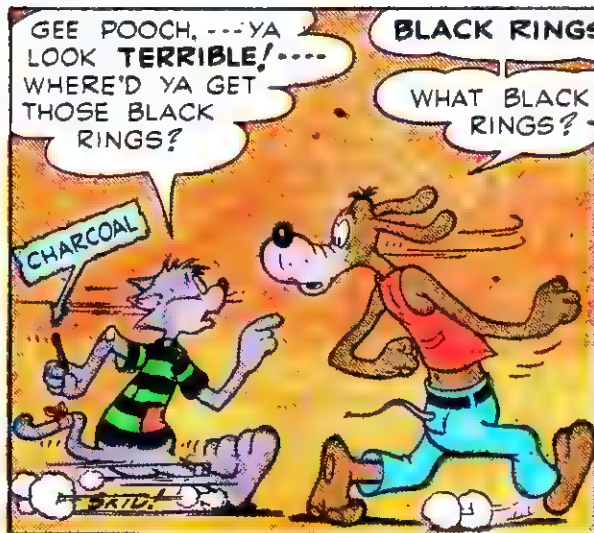
I GOTTA T'INK!

I GOTTA SCHEME  
ME UP A  
SCHEME!

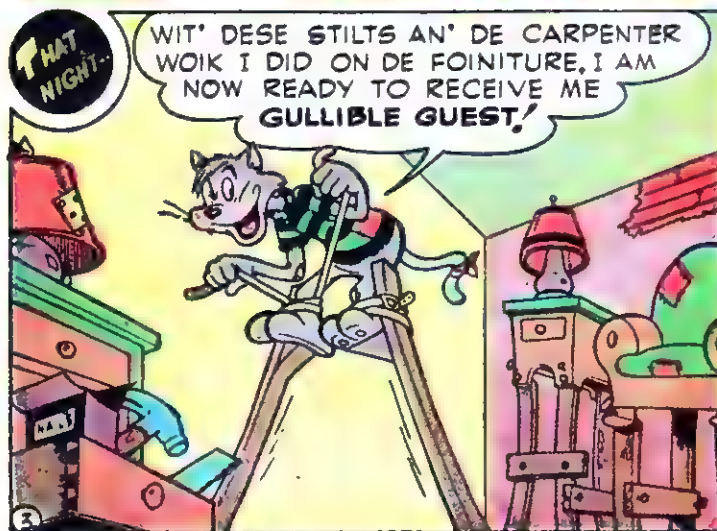
I GOT  
IT!



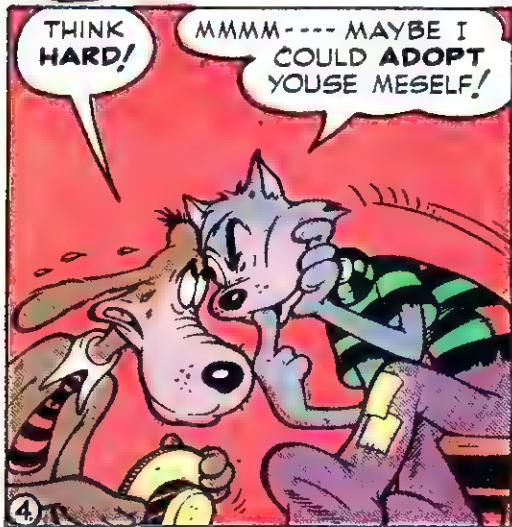
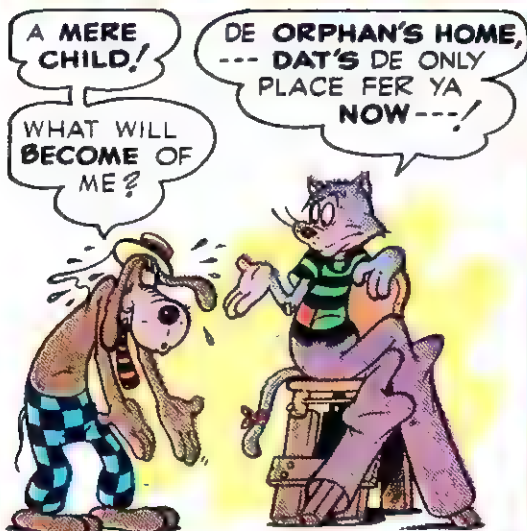
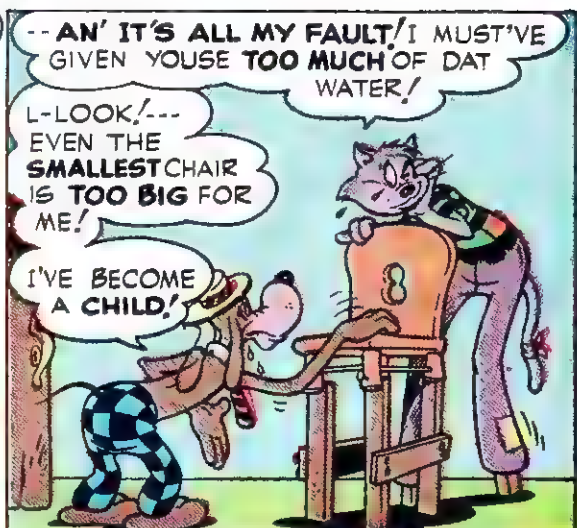
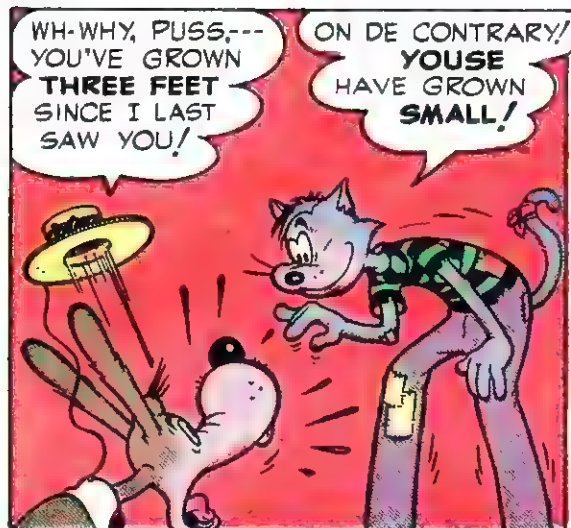




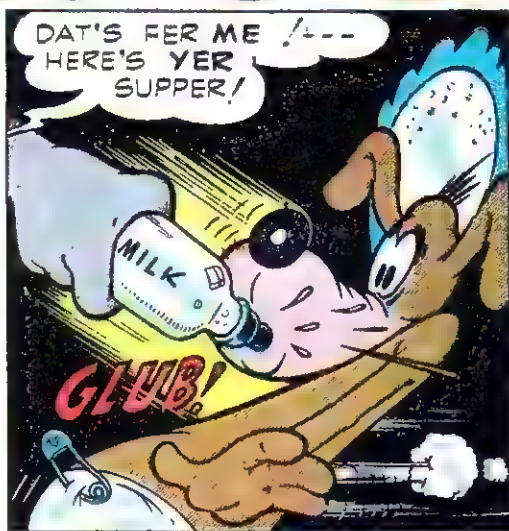
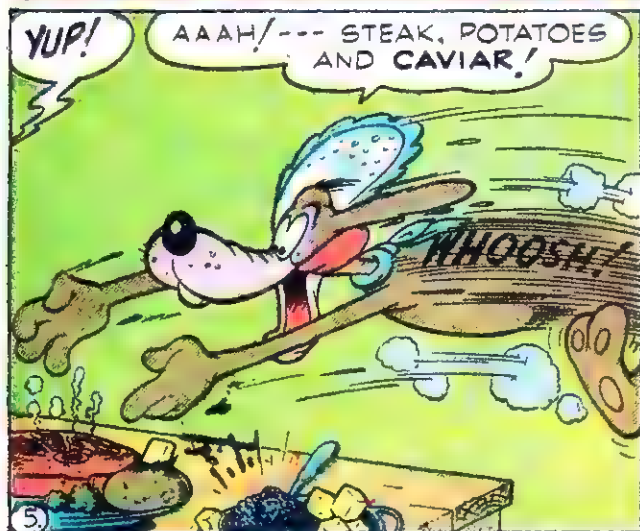
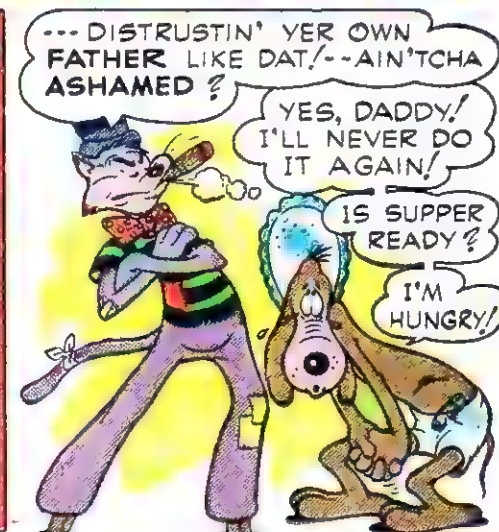
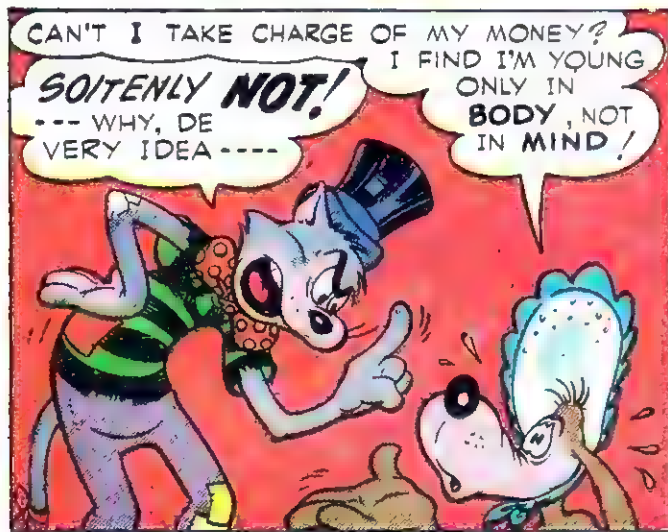




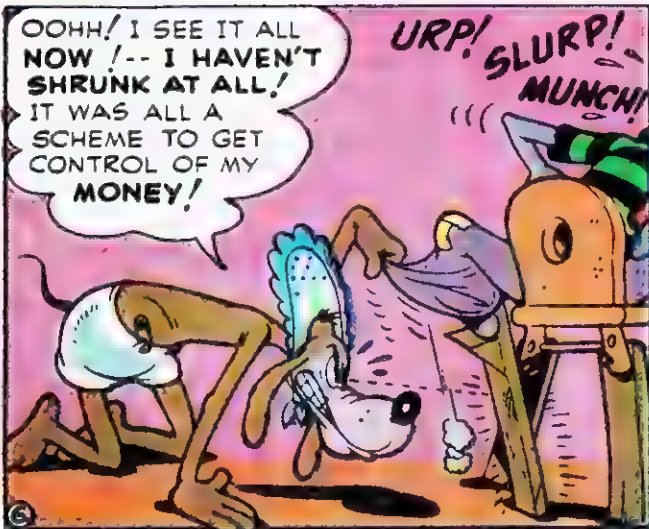
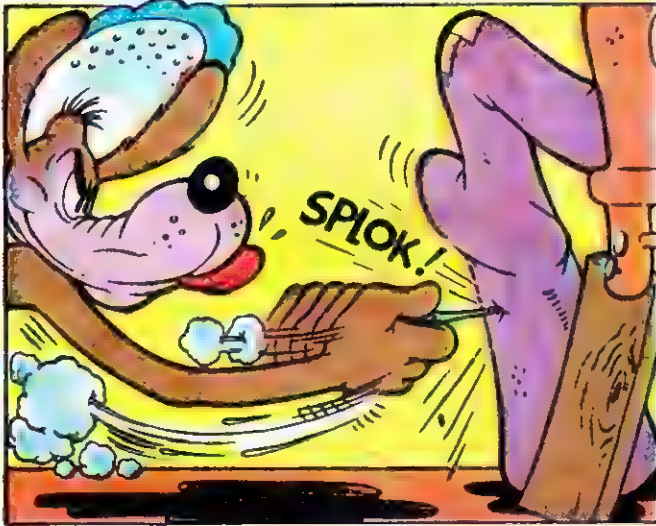
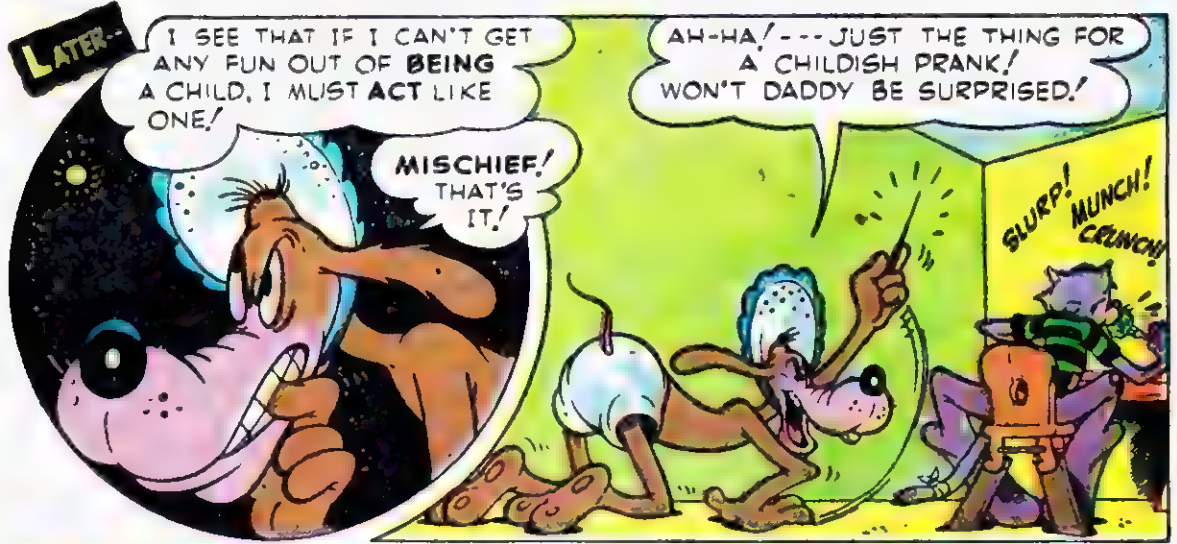




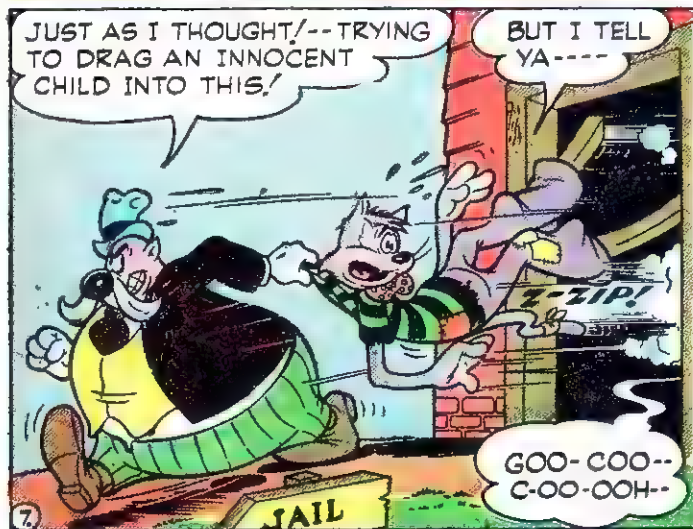
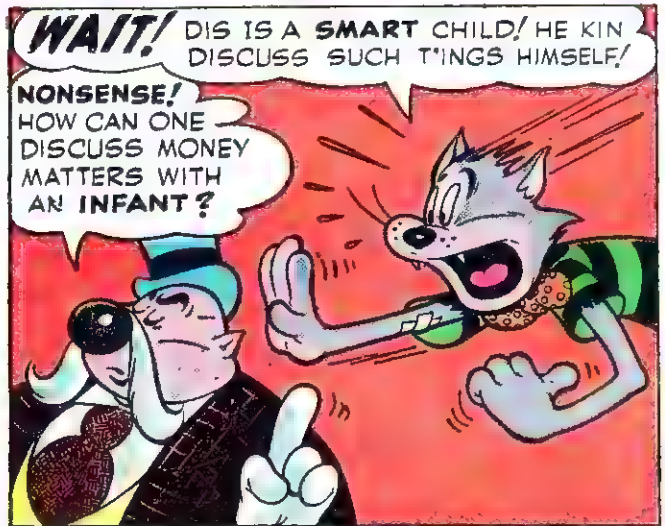
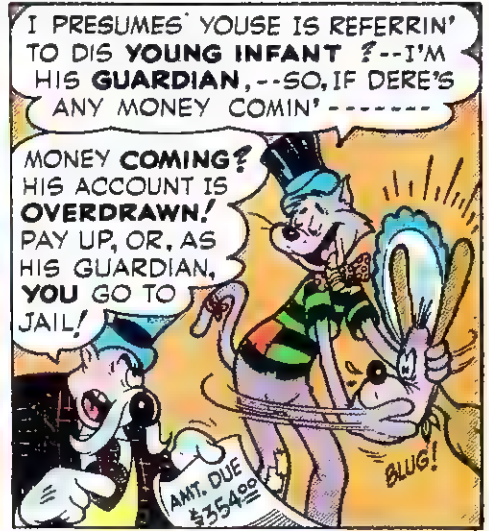
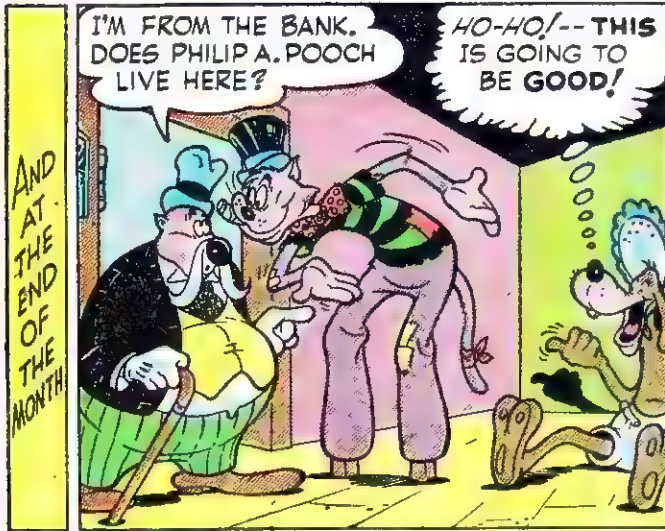






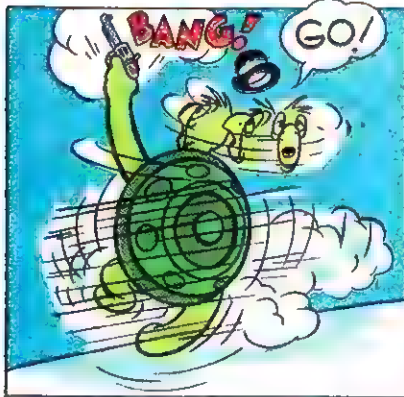
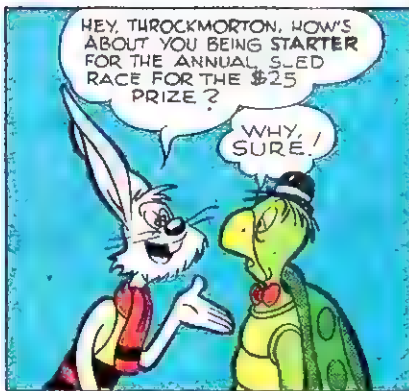






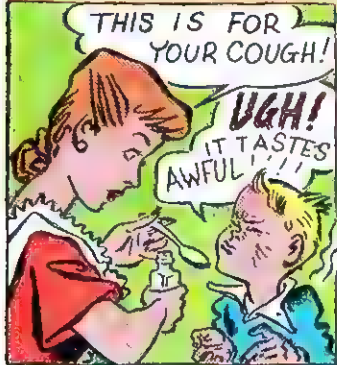


# THE TORTOISE AND THE HARE



ADVERTISEMENT

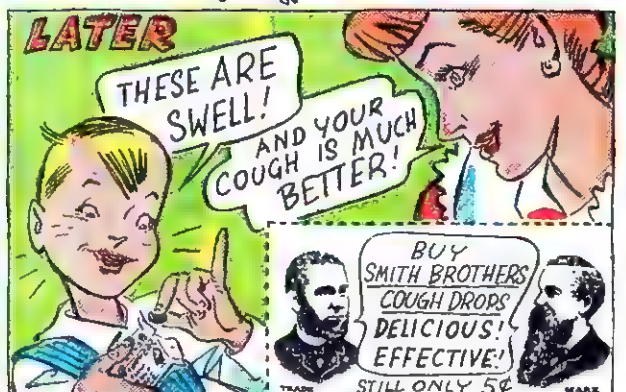
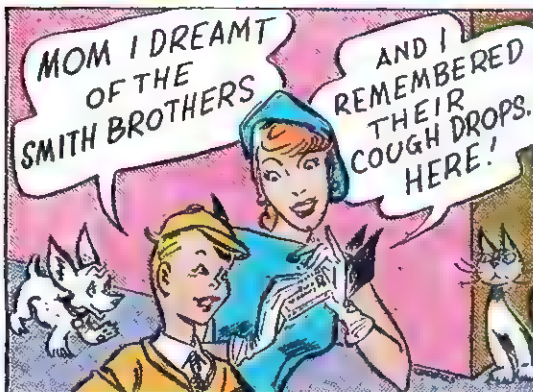
## juniorjim ... by S.B. Black



**SMITH BROTHERS COUGH DROPS HELP**

- ① Ease Tickle
- ② Soothe Membranes
- ③ Loosen phlegm

\*for coughs due to colds

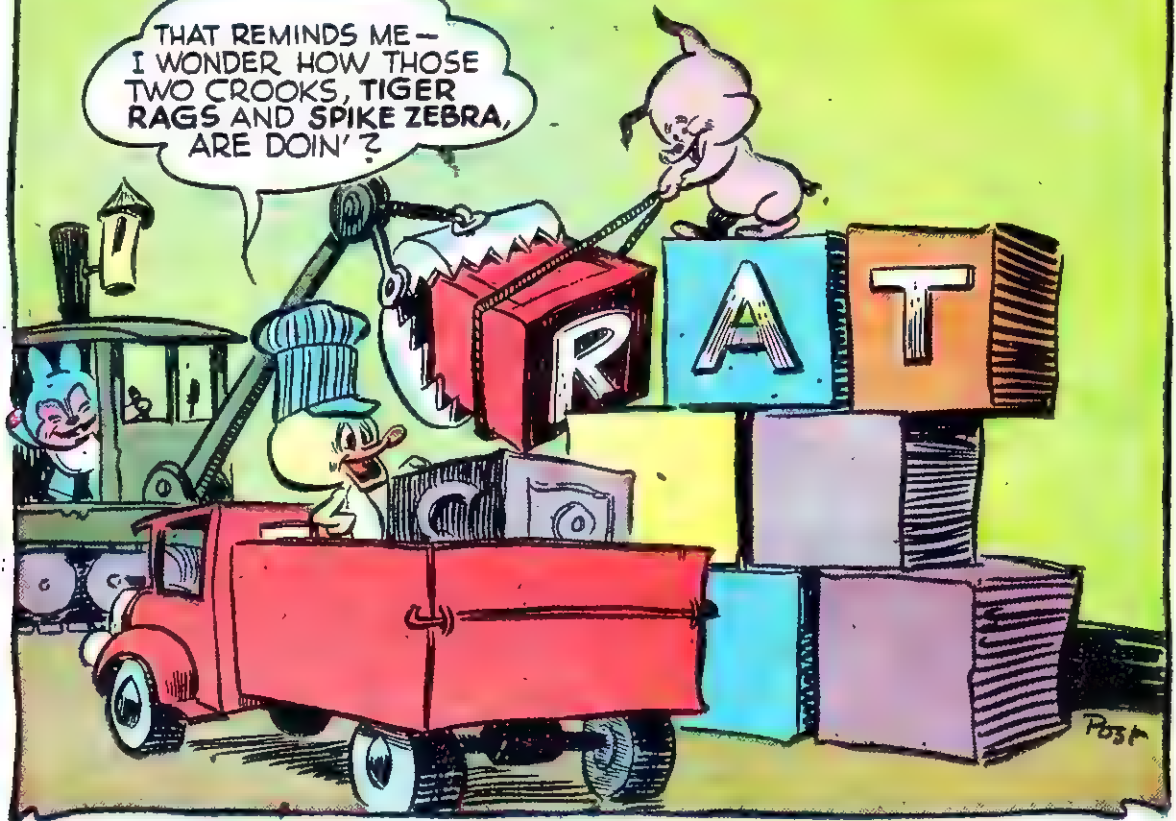




# DOODLES DUCK

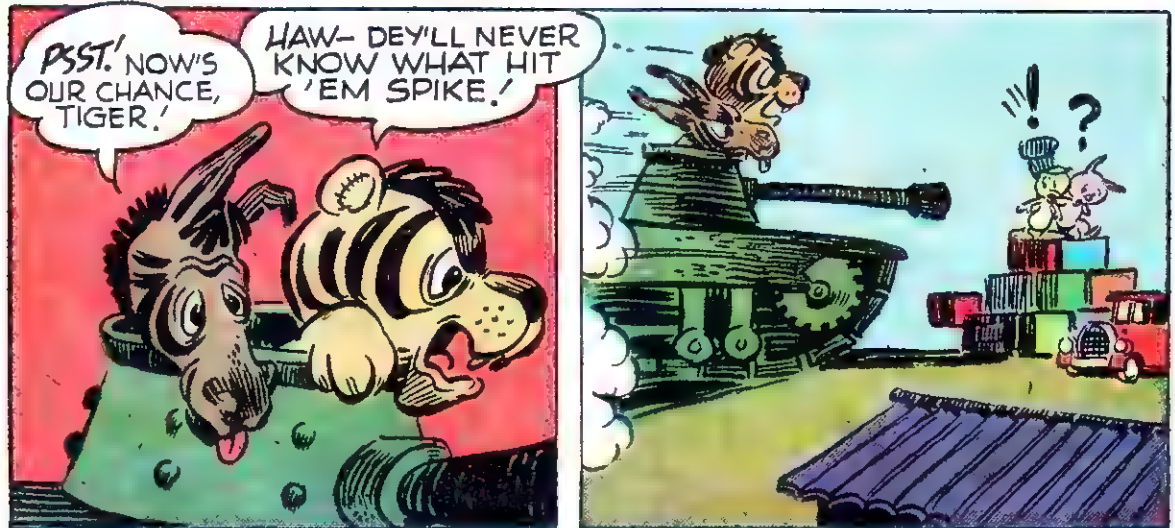
and his Joyland Playmates

THAT REMINDS ME —  
I WONDER HOW THOSE  
TWO CROOKS, TIGER  
RAGS AND SPIKE ZEBRA,  
ARE DOIN' ?

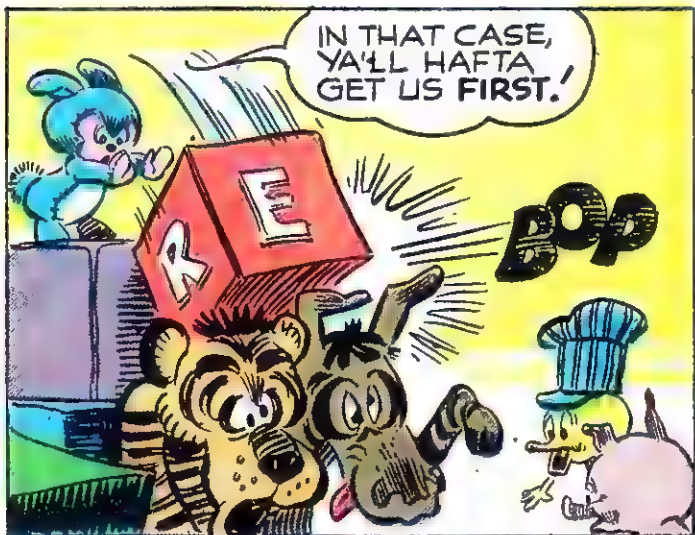
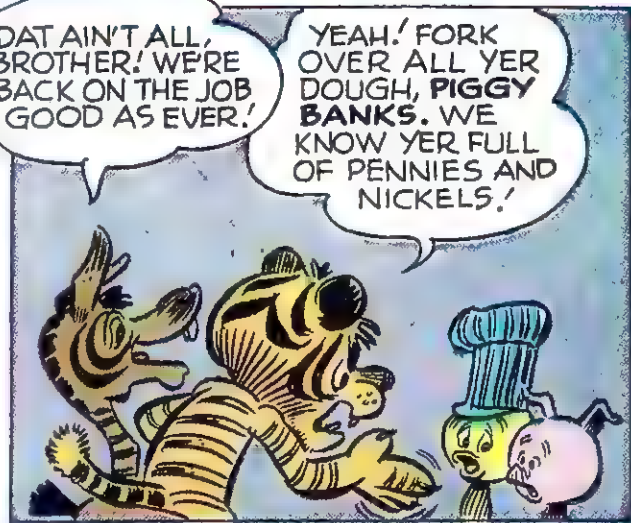
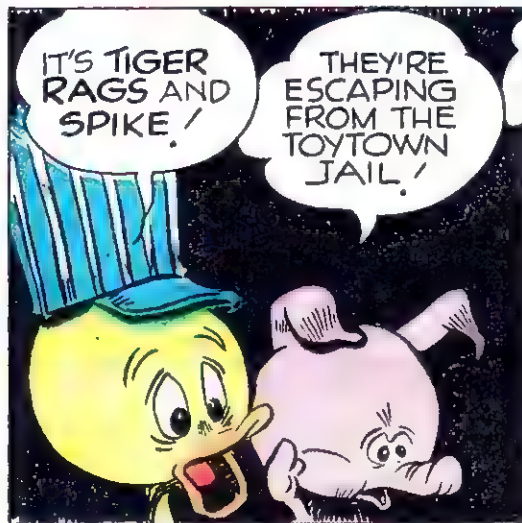
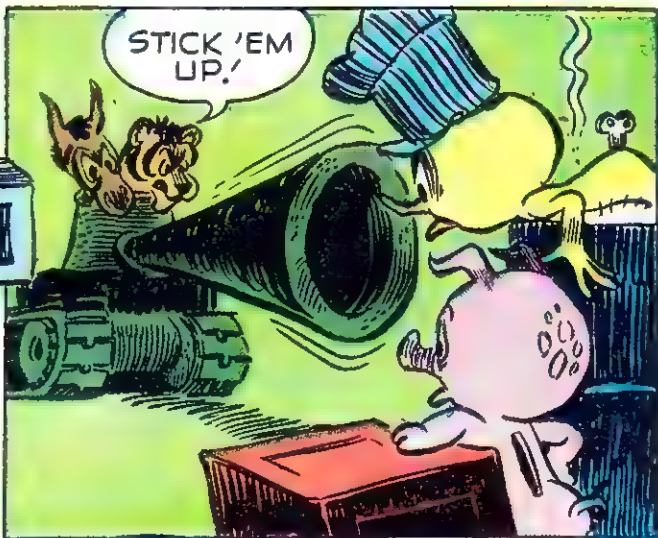
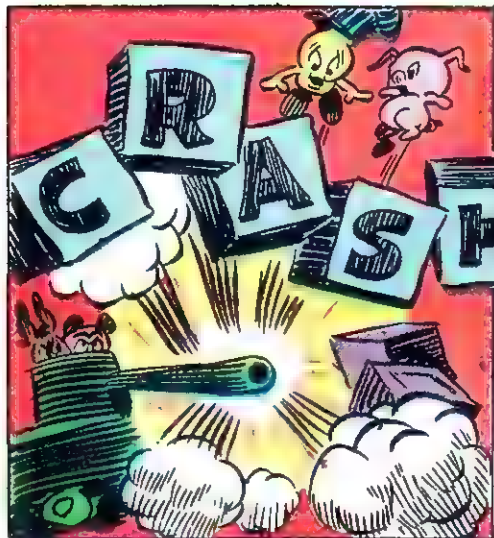


PSST! NOW'S  
OUR CHANCE,  
TIGER!

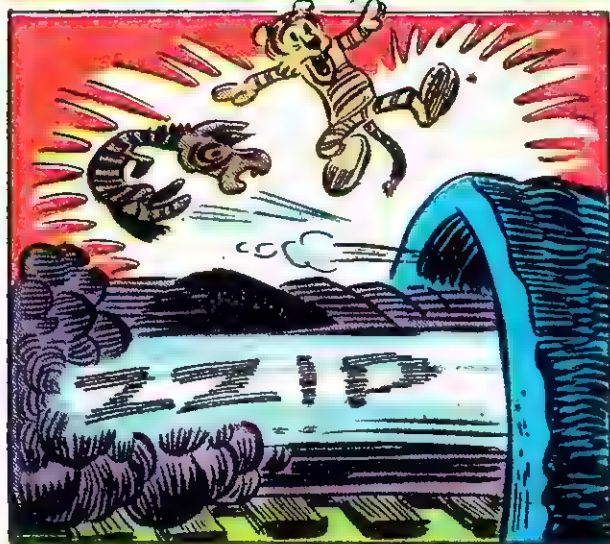
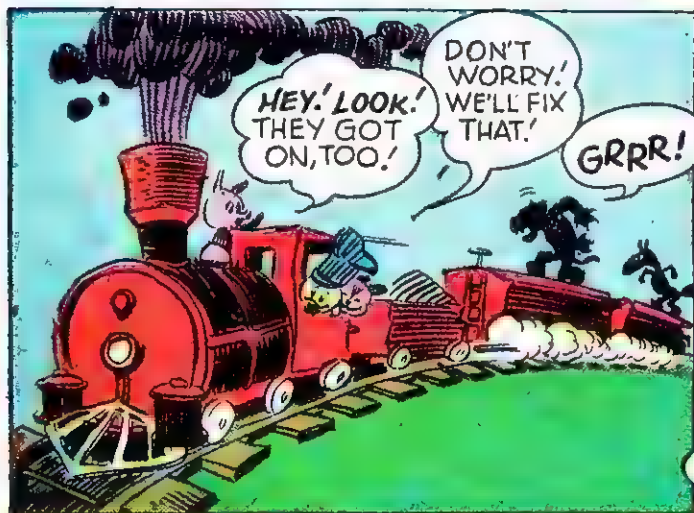
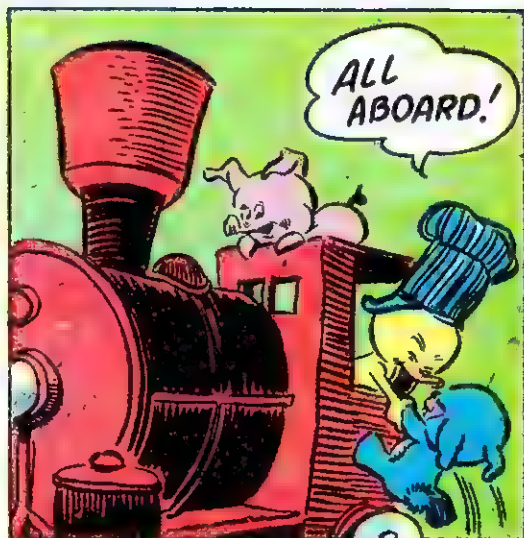
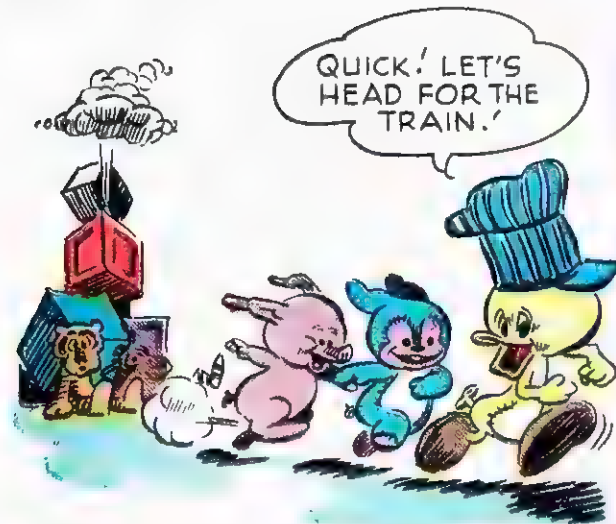
HAW— DEY'LL NEVER  
KNOW WHAT HIT  
'EM SPIKE!



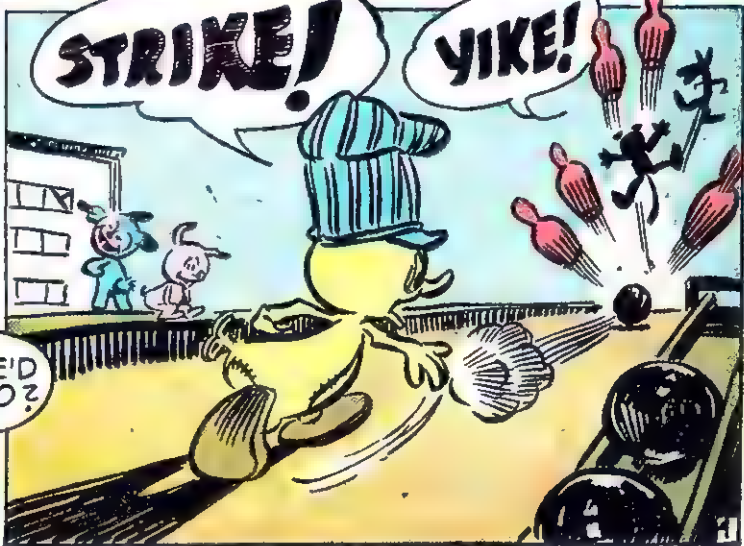
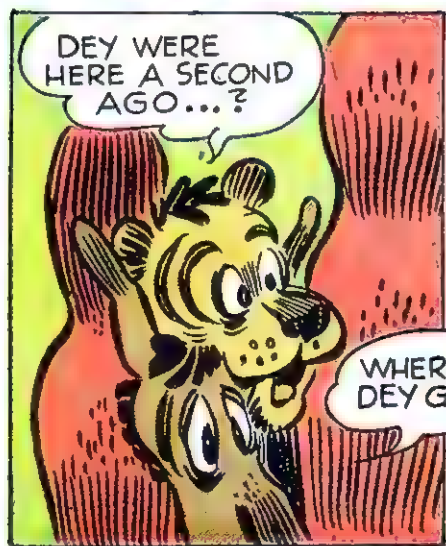
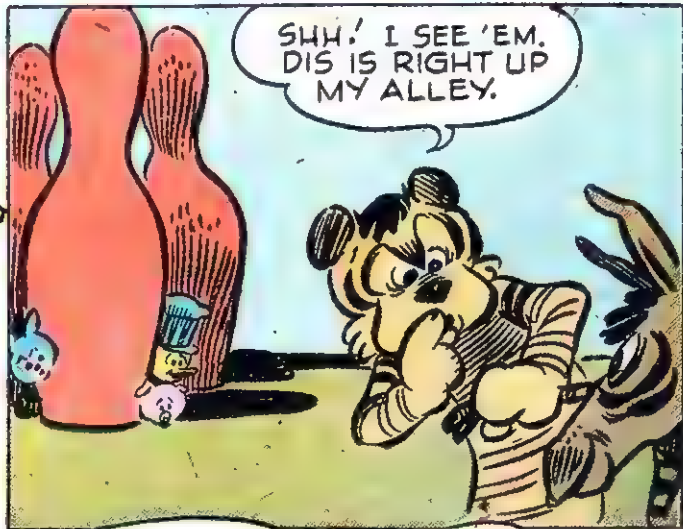
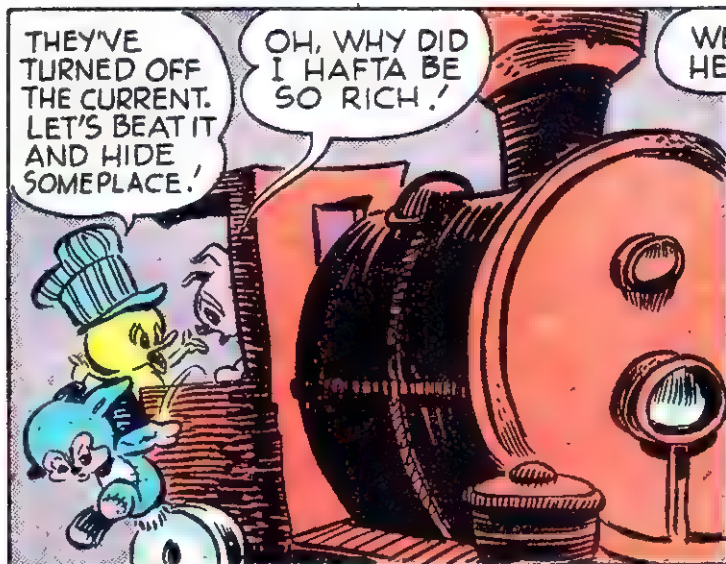




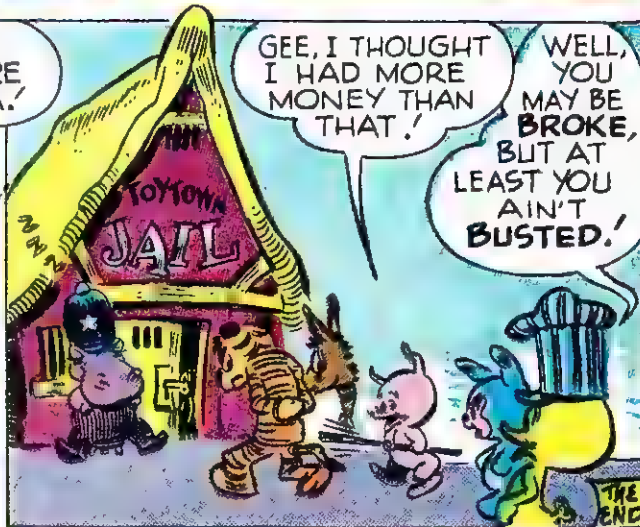
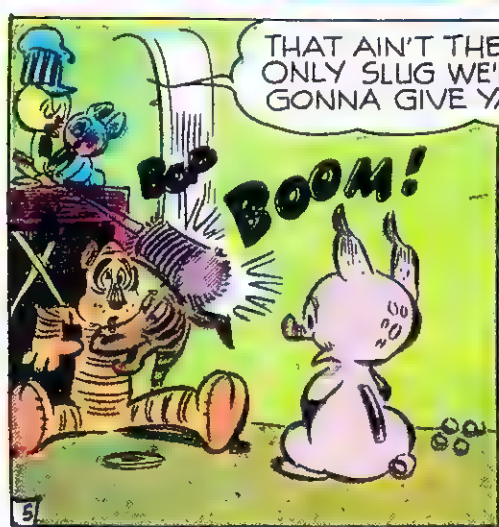
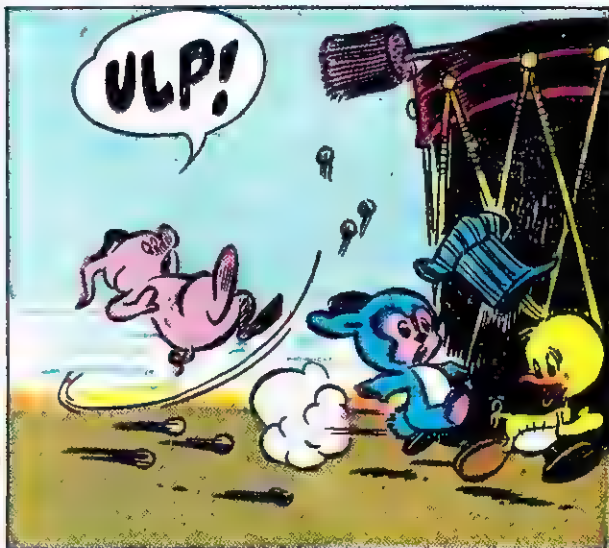




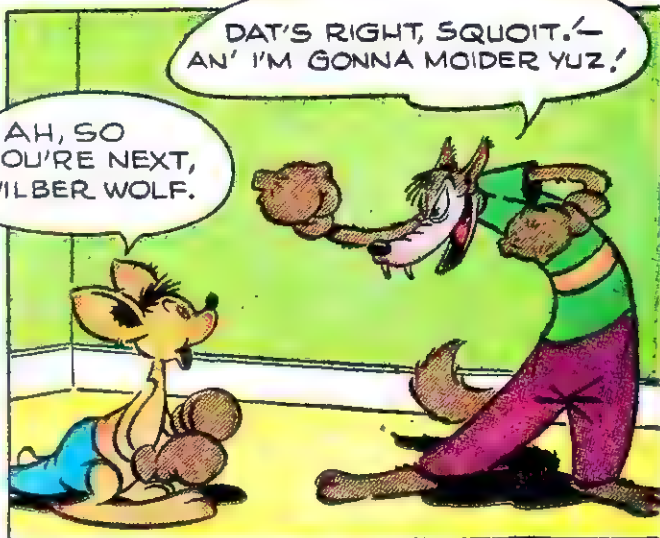
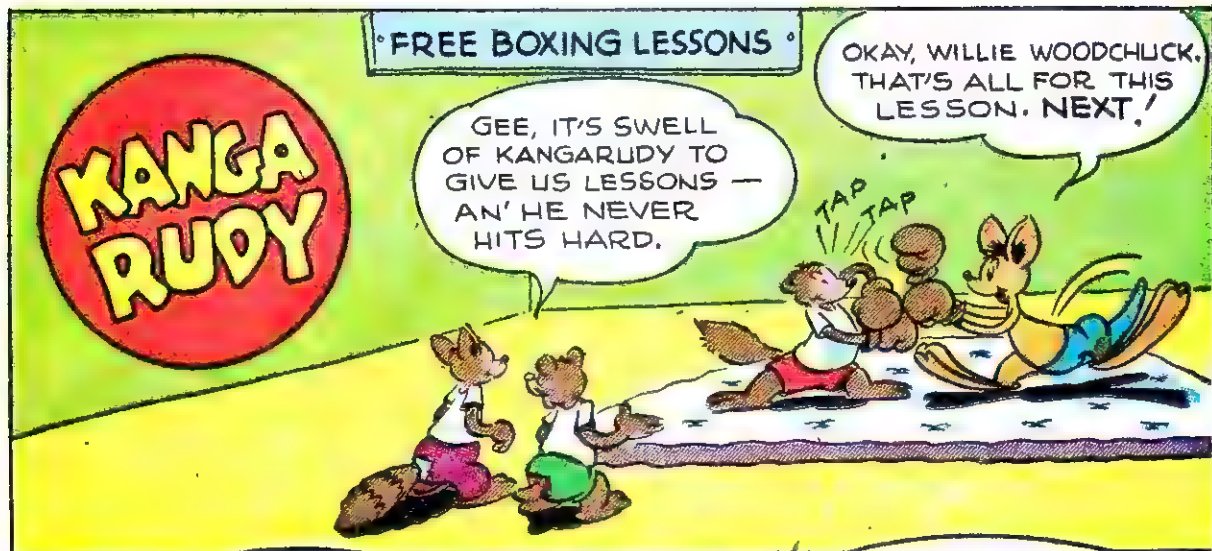




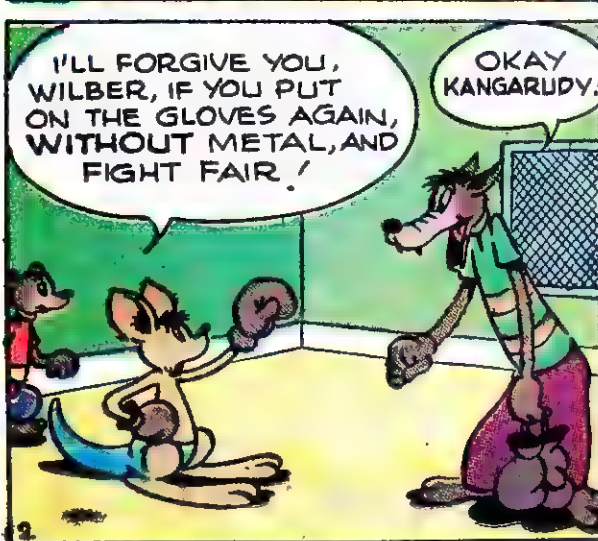
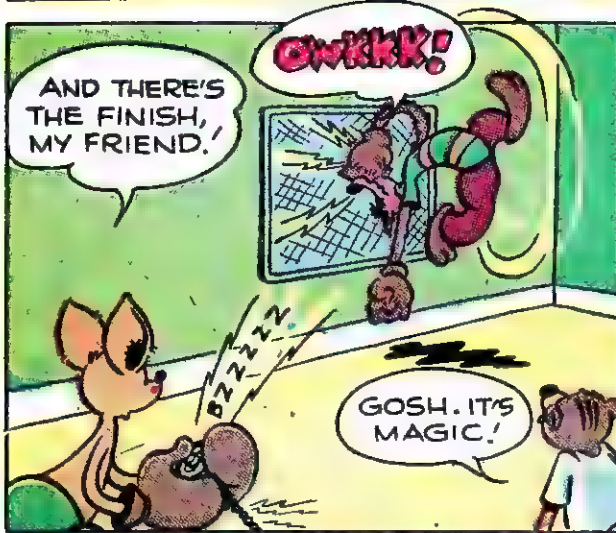
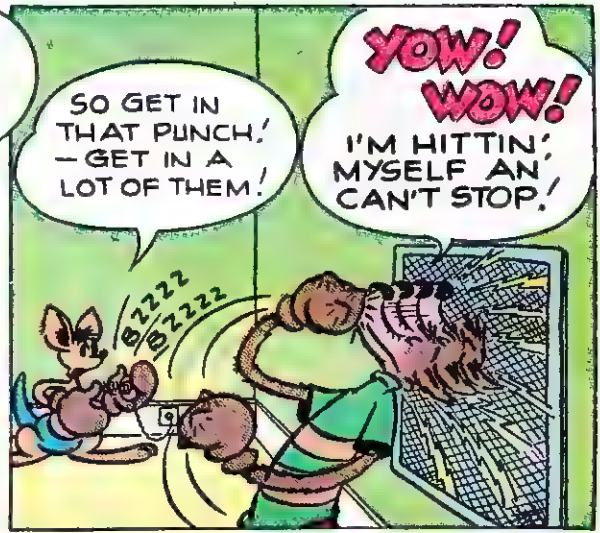








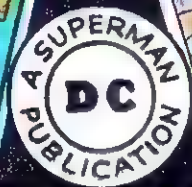
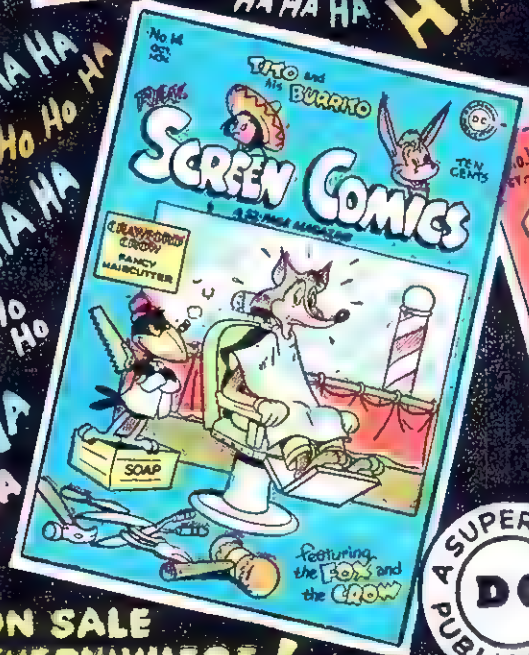
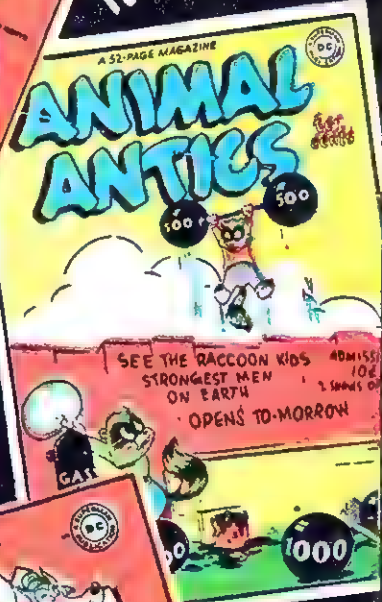






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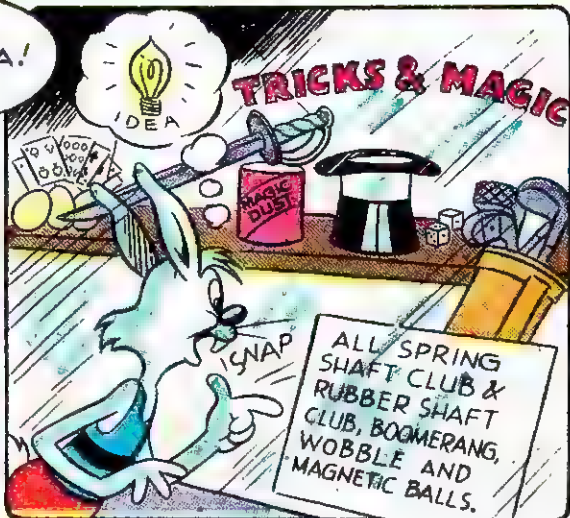
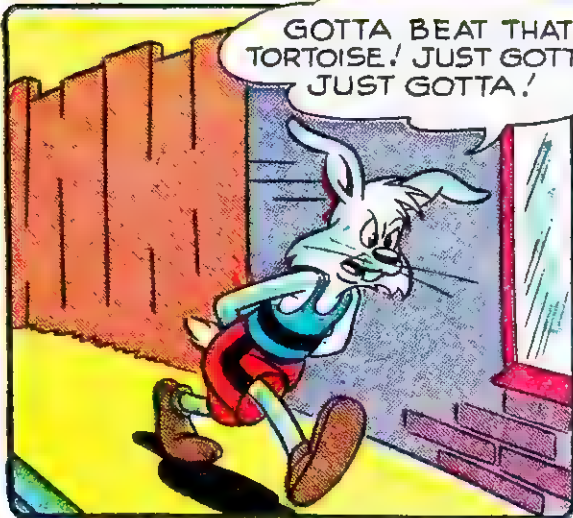
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# THE TORTOISE AND THE HARE




GOTTA BEAT THAT  
TORTOISE! JUST GOTTA!  
JUST GOTTA!





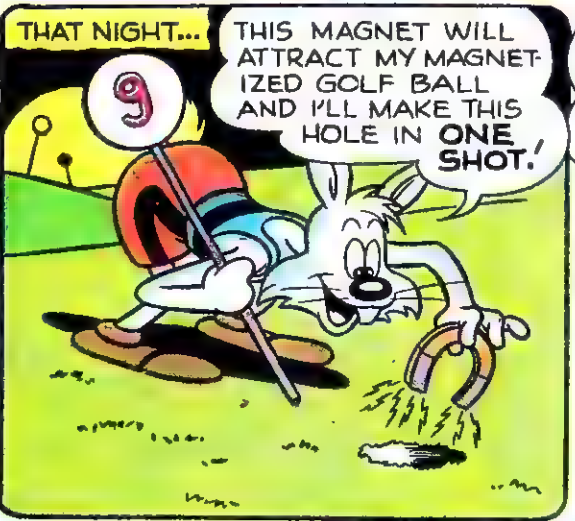
Throckmorton is in a room filled with golf equipment, including bags of clubs, boxes, and a golf bag on a stand. He is holding a golf club and looking towards the door.

HELLO THROCKY!  
HOW ABOUT A GAME  
OF GOLF TOMORROW?

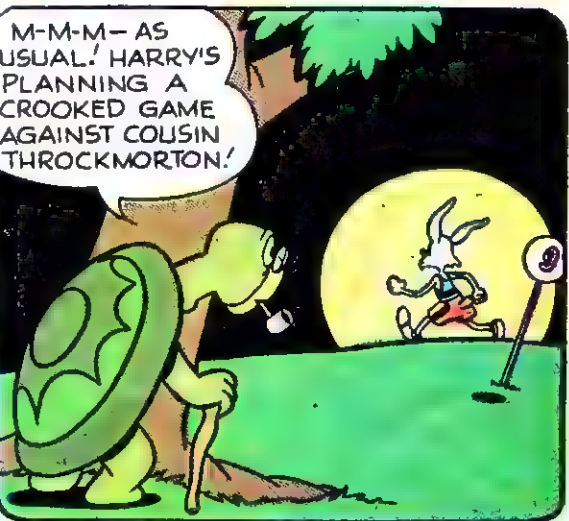
A close-up of Throckmorton's face. He has a mischievous expression, with one eye winking and a small, dark mark on his cheek.

OKAY, HARRY! I NEED THE  
EXERCISE — AND THE MONEY!  
HA, HA!

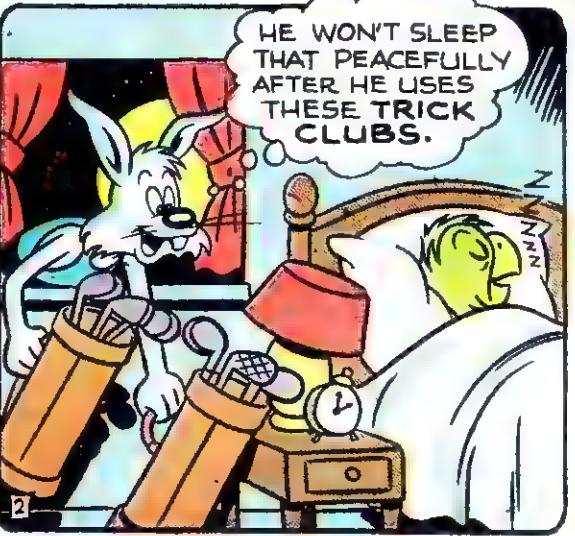
THAT NIGHT...

Throckmorton is on a golf course at night, illuminated by a full moon. He is holding a golf club and a magnet, looking down at a golf ball on the green.

THIS MAGNET WILL  
ATTRACT MY MAGNET-  
IZED GOLF BALL  
AND I'LL MAKE THIS  
HOLE IN **ONE  
SHOT!**

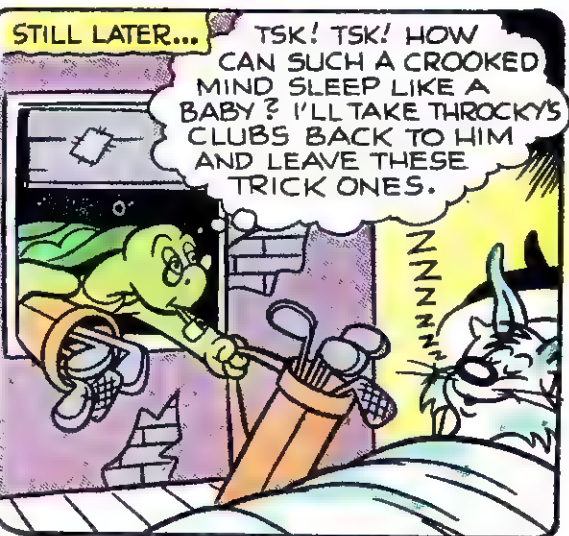
Throckmorton is running on a golf course at night, away from a large green turtle. He is holding a golf club and looking back over his shoulder.

M-M-M— AS  
USUAL! HARRY'S  
PLANNING A  
CROOKED GAME  
AGAINST COUSIN  
THROCKMORTON!

Throckmorton is in a bedroom at night, standing next to a bed where a person is sleeping. He is holding a golf club and looking at the sleeping person.

HE WON'T SLEEP  
THAT PEACEFULLY  
AFTER HE USES  
THESE TRICK  
CLUBS.

STILL LATER...

Throckmorton is in a bedroom at night, standing next to a bed where a person is sleeping. He is holding a golf club and looking at the sleeping person.

TSK! TSK! HOW  
CAN SUCH A CROOKED  
MIND SLEEP LIKE A  
BABY? I'LL TAKE THROCKY'S  
CLUBS BACK TO HIM  
AND LEAVE THESE  
TRICK ONES.





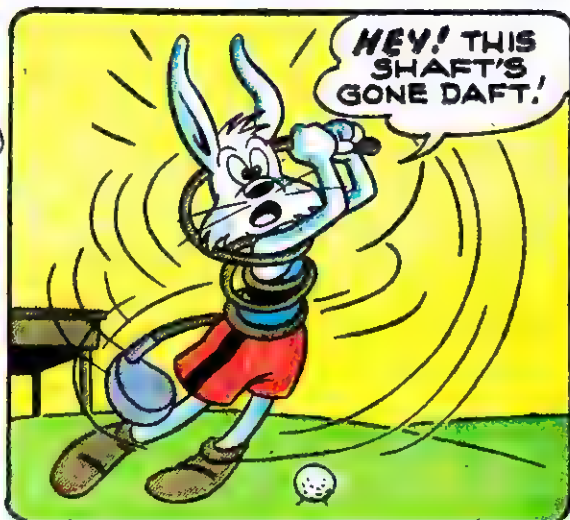
NEXT DAY, AT THE FIRST TEE...

WELL, WHAT DO YOU KNOW! I MADE A HOLE IN ONE!

HUH? I WAS SUPPOSED TO DO THAT.

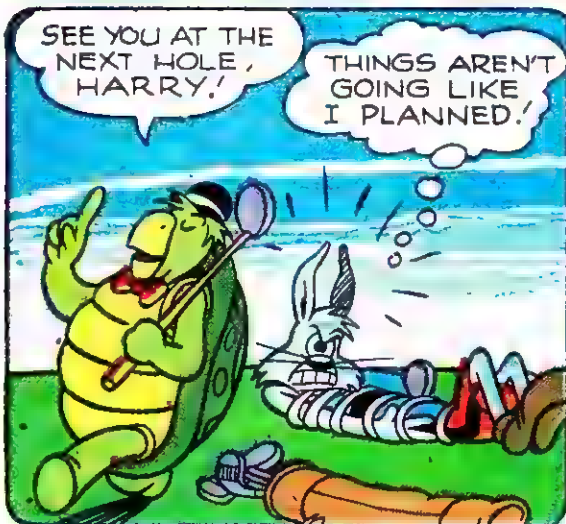


HEY! THIS SHAFT'S GONE DAFT!



SEE YOU AT THE NEXT HOLE, HARRY!

THINGS AREN'T GOING LIKE I PLANNED!



WELL! WELL! MY BALL STOPPED JUST AT THE EDGE OF THE CLIP!

WAIT'LL YOU SEE MY SHOT—

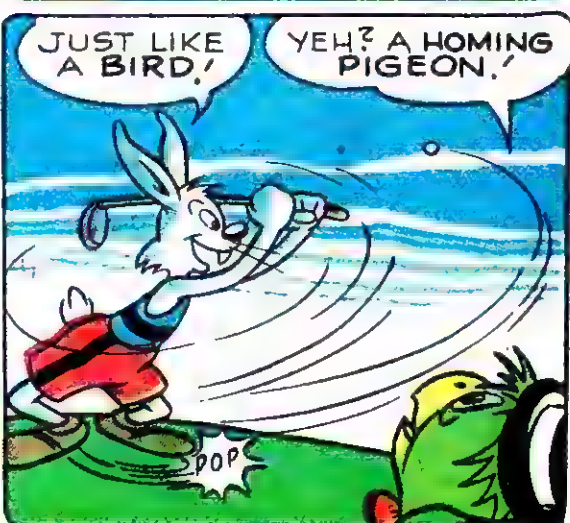


JUST WATCH!

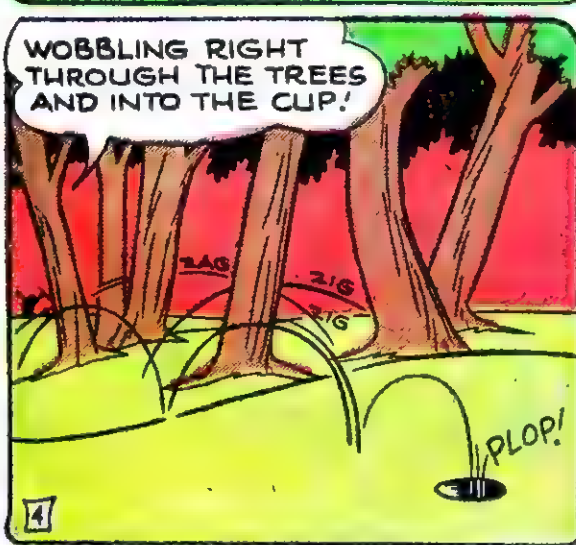
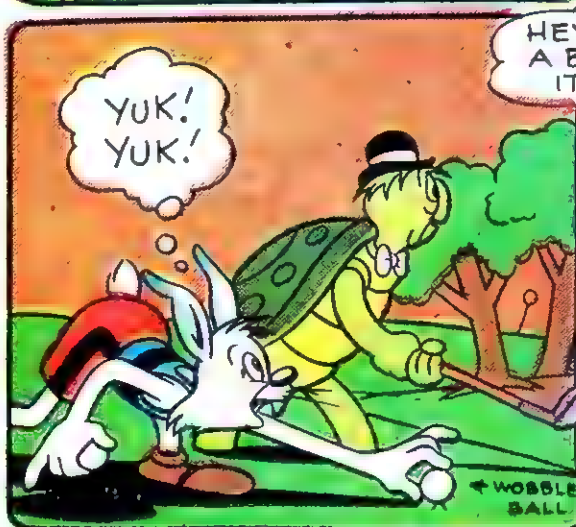
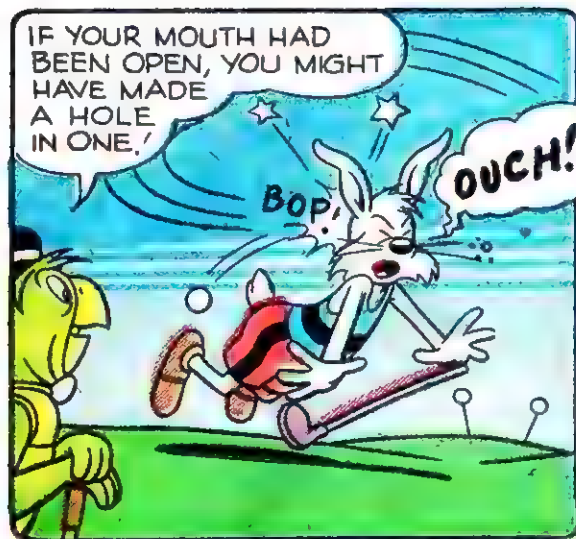


JUST LIKE A BIRD!

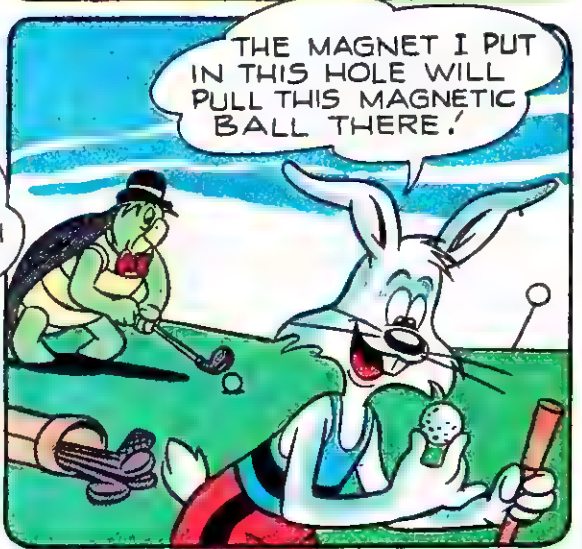
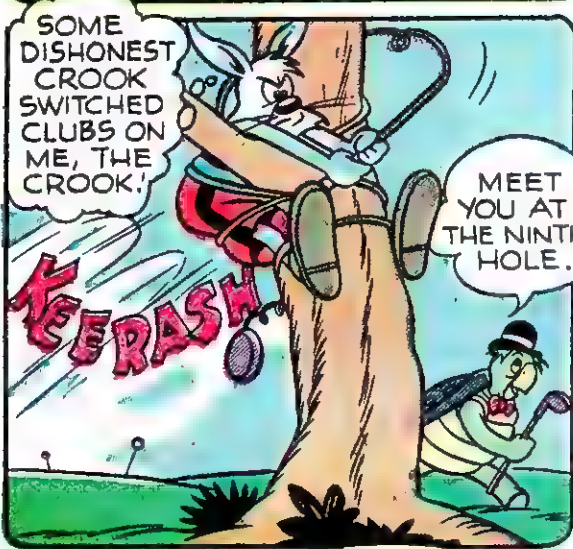
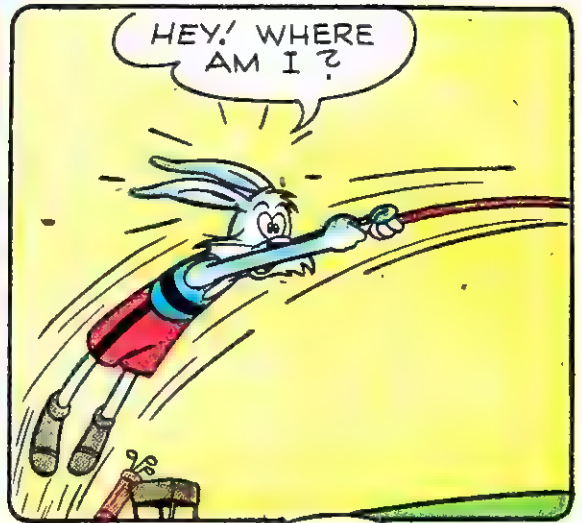
YEH? A HOMING PIGEON!



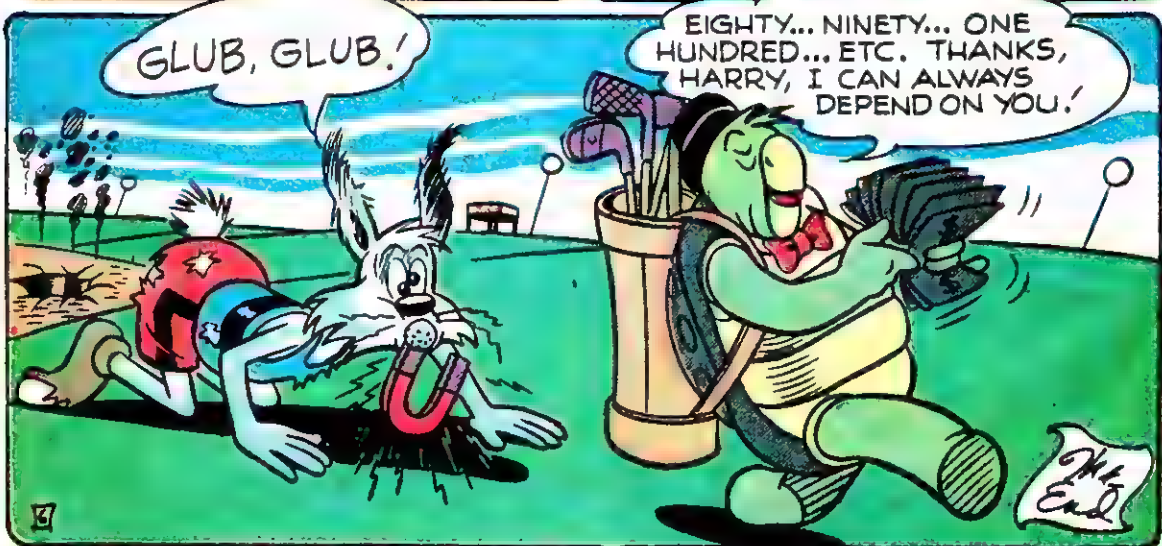
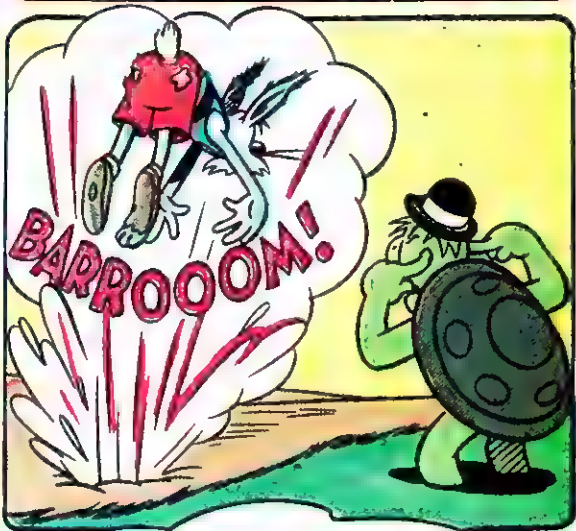
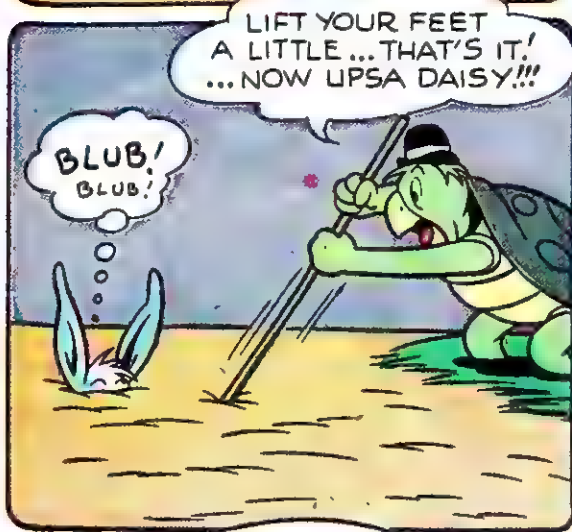
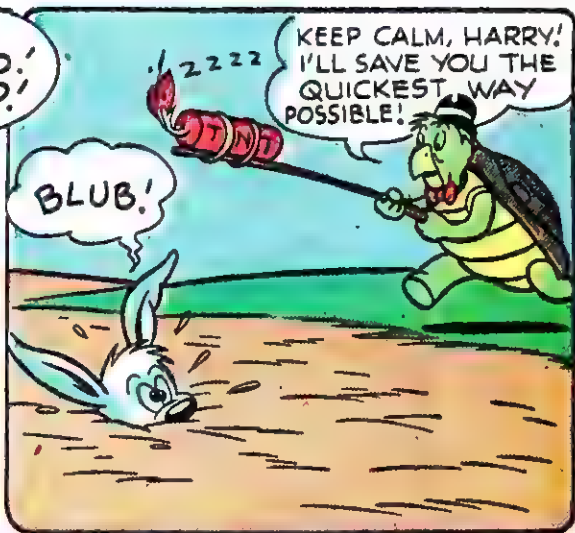
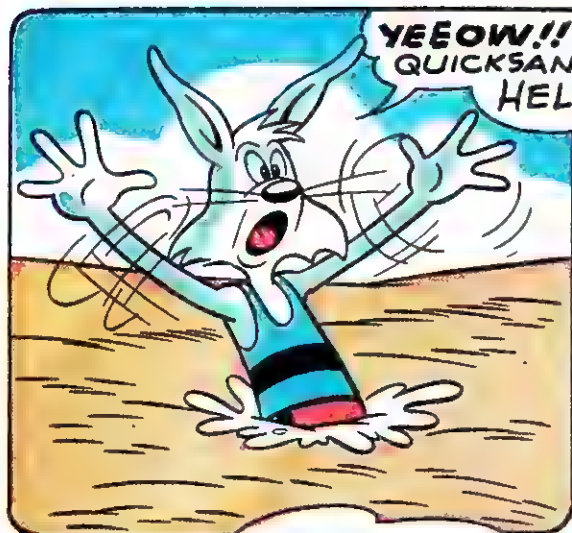
















# PATRICK PARROT'S UNNATURAL HISTORY

TRANSLATED FROM  
THE ANIMAL LANGUAGE  
by JESSE MERLAN

## WHY PARROTS TALK SO MUCH

**T**HE JUNGLE was waking to a new day. As the daylight grew stronger, so did the volume of bird and animal sounds. It seemed as if every creature wanted to express his feeling of joy over the coming of the new day.

And next thing on the program, was to make for a cool shady pool. There one would meet and greet friend and crony, but there was little loitering. Each would say his little piece, partake of the refreshing water and go his way—for a day's work was to be done.

But, of course, there's always one exception to every rule. And that was Patrick Parrot. He *never* was one to go down to the pool, say how-de-do, and then take himself off about his business. He *always* stayed around a while trying to make conversation with anybody who was unlucky enough to be within hearing.

There were quite a few already at the pool when Philo Fox came tearing pell-mell through the brush.

"Cheese it, fellows. Take your drink and run. Old Blabber-Mouth will be here in a minute," he yelled.

"Uh-uh," said Roscoe Rabbit, "and me

with an ear-ache already. I'm on my way."

And with a hop, skip and jump he was gone.

Elmer Elephant, however, was more tolerant, as were Horace Hippo and Bertram Bear. All three were big, burly and good-natured. They didn't mind Pat's talk and, as it took quite a while to quench their huge thirsts, they just let him jabber away while they drank.

"Top of the morning, boys," said Pat. "It's a fine day, isn't it? Hope you all had a good night. I did. Slept like a top, and had a wonderful dream. It seems I was—"

With a twinkle in his eye, Elmer Elephant squirted a tiny stream of water through his trunk at Pat, which completely flooded him.

Pat spluttered, and shook the water from his bright green feathers. He was quite surprised.

"Say, what's the idea, Elmer? You know I hate morning showers."

"Oh, don't mind him, grinned Bert Bear. "He's just teasing you."

"What for? What did I do? What did I say? I only—" began Pat.



"That's just it," replied Bert, shutting him off. "It isn't *what* you say—it's how much. And, by the way, it's about time you really gave us the low-down on that. You've told us why Elmer is so nosey, why Horace has such a big mouth, and why I sleep all winter. We've been wondering why Pat Parrot *talks* so much. Would you mind telling us—in a few words, of course?"

"Well, I declare! I'm a parrot of few words compared to some I've heard tell of. But if you insist— This story comes straight down to me from my great-great grandparrot, who got it from his and so on, back to the very beginning of time. It seems that, in those days, we parrots were quite different in appearance and voice from what we are now. No beautiful green plumage, no pleasing voice such as we have today.

"Instead we had coal-black feathers and voices like nightingales, which some people believe are so wonderful. Humph! Well, anyway, this ancestor of mine was called Philip. And he didn't want to sing like a nightingale. He wanted to sing like a canary.

"So he sought out the greatest singer of that day, and took lessons from him. After a few years of study, Philip the Parrot could whistle and sing almost as well as the canary.

"Well, Philip Parrot still wasn't satisfied. He wanted to do more than just sing like a bird. He wanted to talk like a man as well. So, one day, he packed his belongings, took



leave of his friends, and departed for the land of the Cave-men.

"He flew down towards one of the caves, and perched over the entrance.

Something was going on there, and he couldn't make heads or tails of it. One of the Cave-men was sitting in some sort of a high stone chair, while another



walked around it, and, with a sharp stone instrument, was doing something to the head of the man in the chair.

"But that wasn't what delighted Philip. It was the strange and continuous noises the man with the instrument kept making. Once in a while the fellow in the chair would give a short grunt. But the other man! From his lips came a constant stream of sounds—enchancing, lovely sounds, without a let-up. The noises just flowed—they exploded, they whispered, they were calm or excited, and they never stopped.

"Every day, thereafter, Philip perched over the entrance, and listened and tried to learn these strange new sounds. And he seemed to be making progress too, but one day—"

Pat Parrot stopped talking, for he had just noticed something. His audience was sound asleep.

"Well, I declare," said Pat in disgust "they went to sleep on me!"

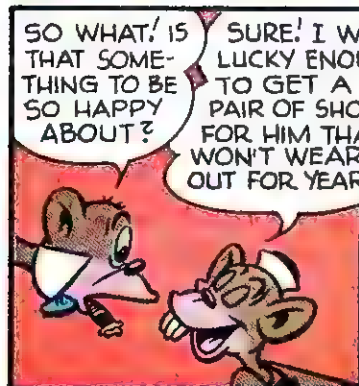
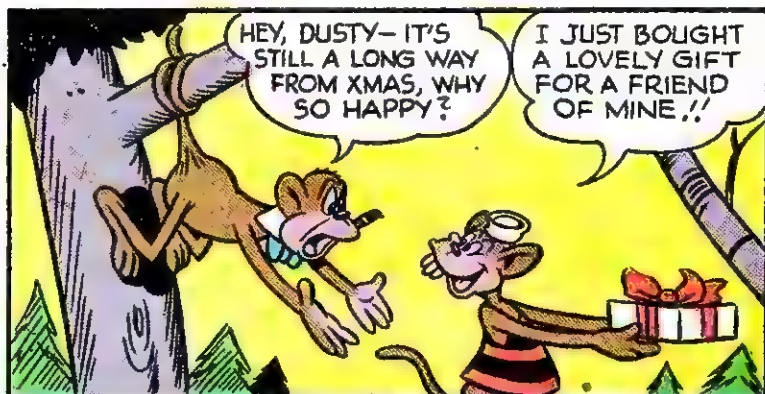
"Hey, wait a minute, Pat," called Bert. "We were just kidding—we weren't asleep. Finish the story."

Pat snorted as he turned around and shouted:

"My ancestor fell into a vat of hair tonic, which turned his feathers green. He caught cold, which made him lose his voice, and he got so mad at that barber that his descendants have been trying to learn the language ever since, so at least one of us could out-talk a barber some day.

"Believe that or not," concluded Pat.

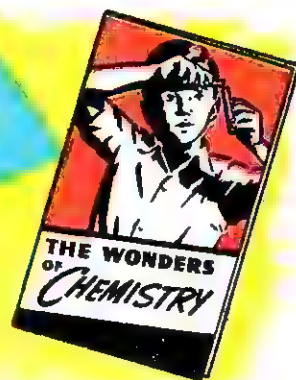




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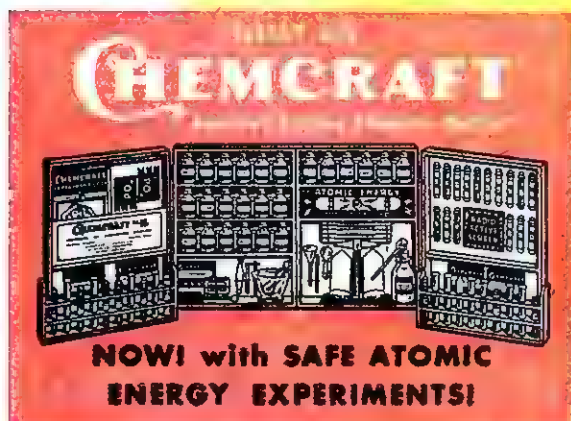
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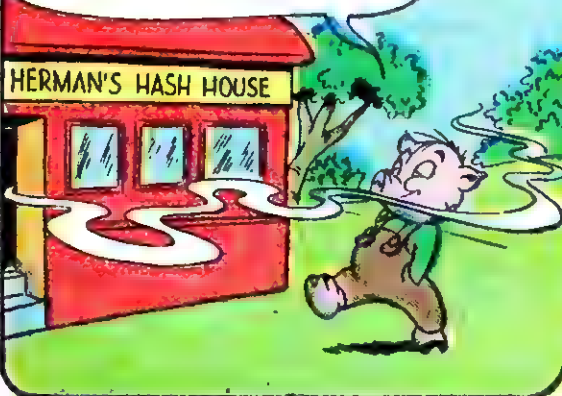


# PETER PORKCHOPS

AAAH - SPRING -  
WHEN THE BIRDS  
WARBLE AN' THE  
BUDS BUD...

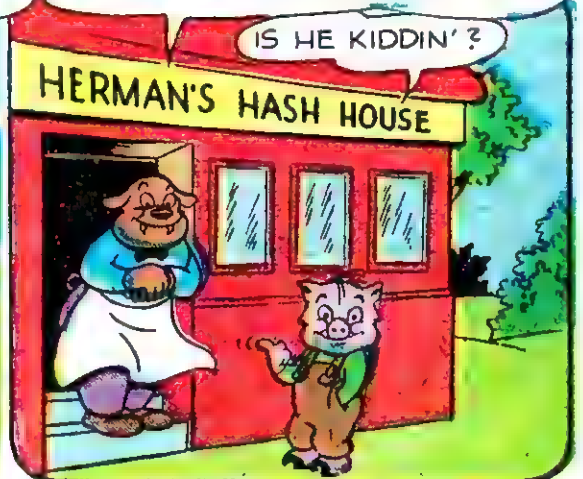


... AN' DELICIOUS AROMAS - *SNIFF* -  
*SNIFF* - WAFT THROUGH OPEN  
RESTAURANT DOORS! MY  
FAVORITE SEASON!



ANYTHIN' I CAN DO FOR YA, BUDDY?

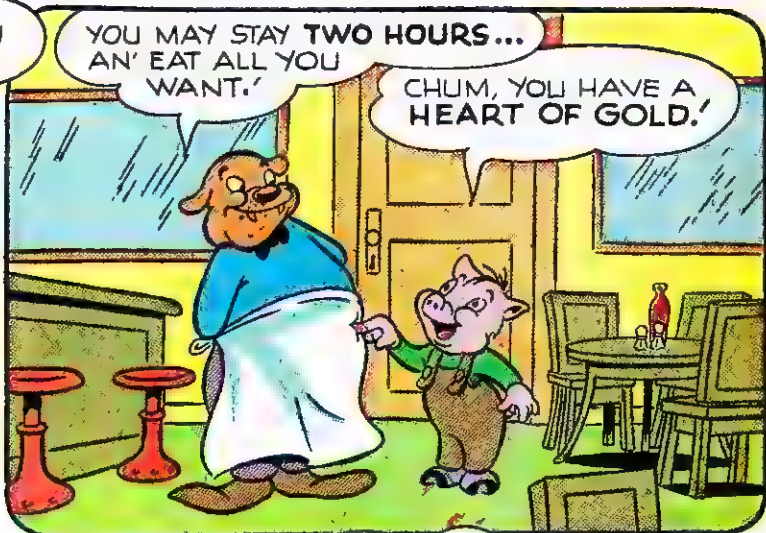
IS HE KIDDIN'?





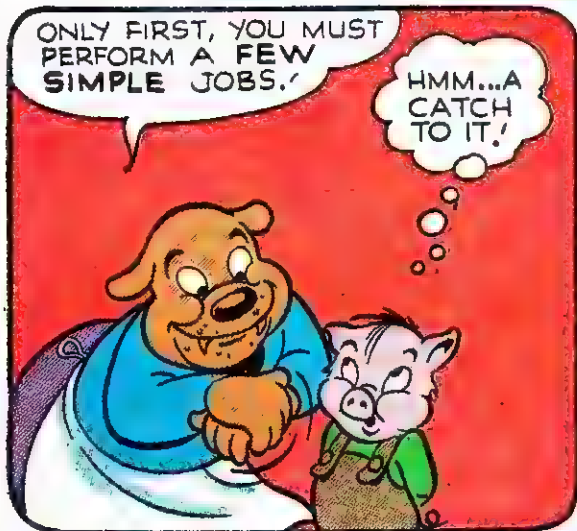
I'M STARVED! BUT-YOU SEE? NO MONEY!

YOU POOR BOY! COME RIGHT IN!



YOU MAY STAY TWO HOURS... AN' EAT ALL YOU WANT.

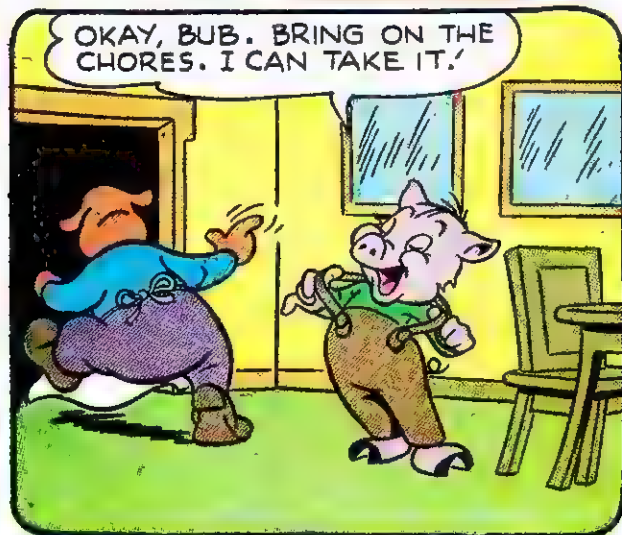
CHUM, YOU HAVE A HEART OF GOLD!



ONLY FIRST, YOU MUST PERFORM A FEW SIMPLE JOBS.

HMM...A CATCH TO IT!

BUT HE SAID TWO HOURS! I'LL STILL BE ABLE TO EAT PLENTY!

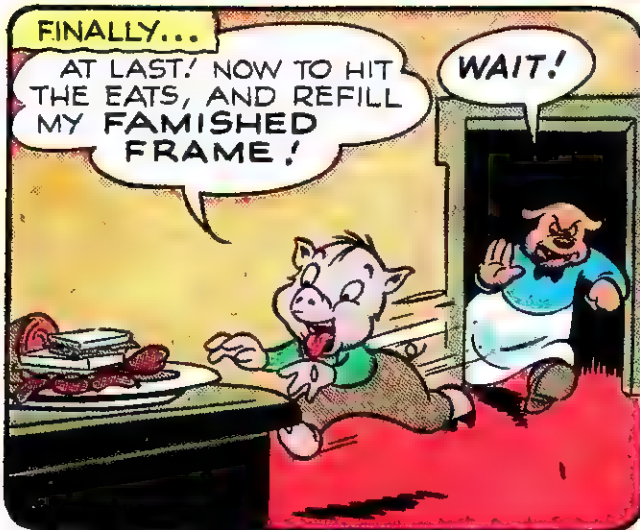
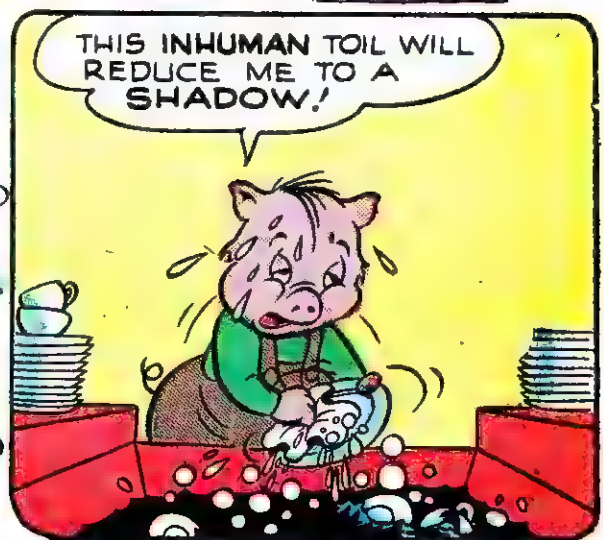


OKAY, BUB. BRING ON THE CHORES. I CAN TAKE IT!

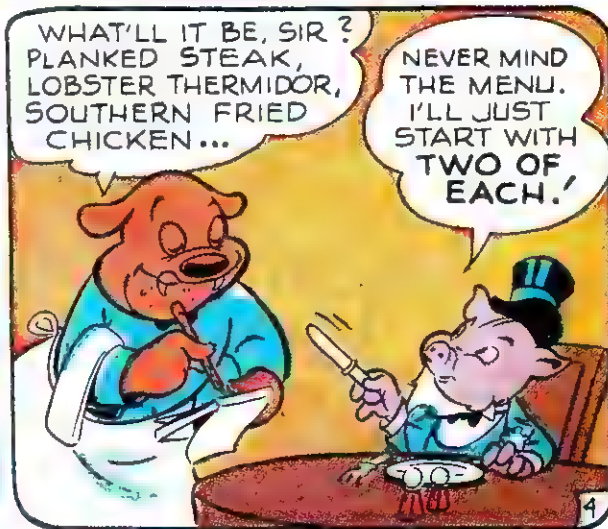
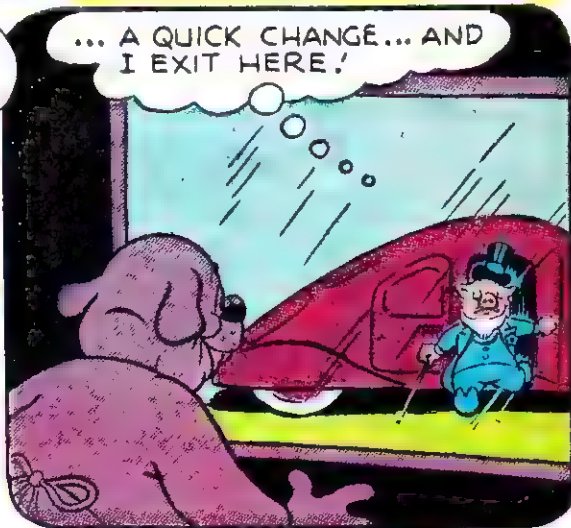
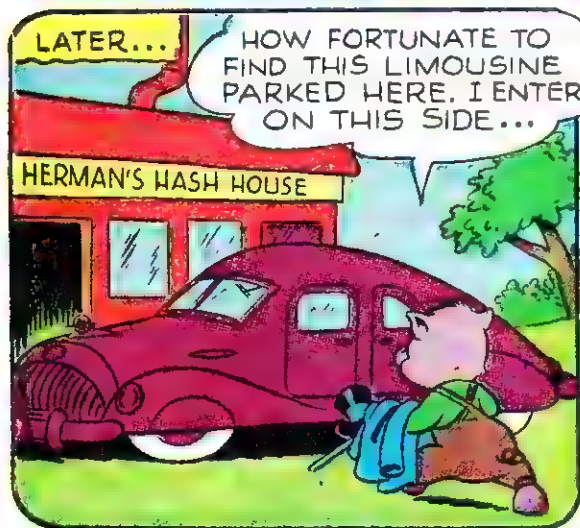
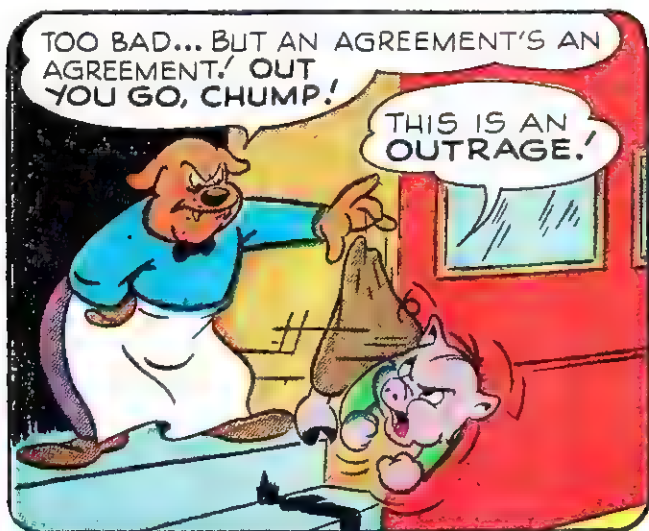


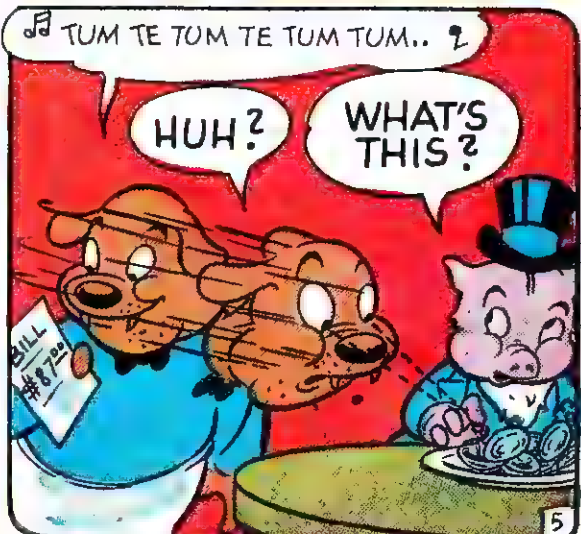
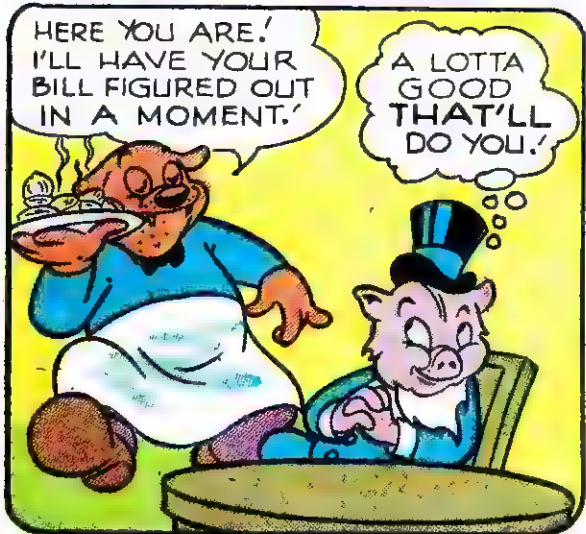
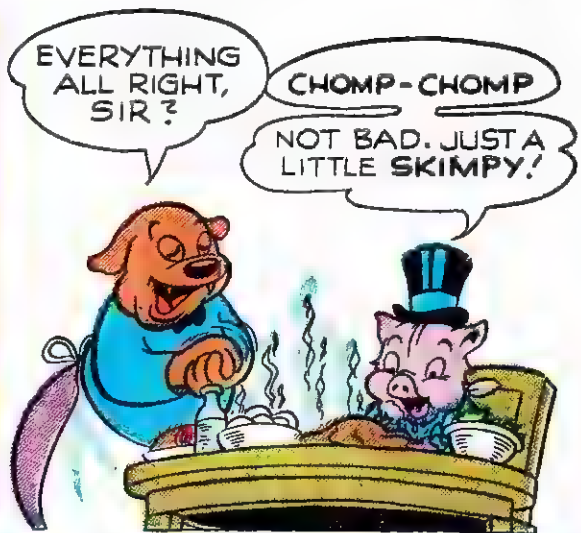
AND I CAN DISH IT OUT! HERE!

ALL THEM DISHES?

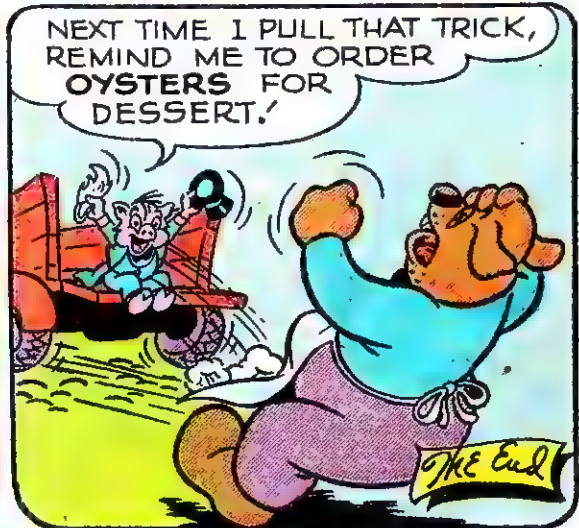














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TRANSMITTER BETWEEN ME  
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No Tubes

The Most Compact  
Sending and Receiving  
Set You've Ever Seen!

You've Seen It In The Comics...

## NOW YOU CAN HAVE ONE OF YOUR VERY OWN!

Here it is, kids... the one and only DICK TRACY TWO-WAY Wrist Radio that actually transmits your voice over short distances... and receives regular radio broadcasts up to 50 miles away. Yes, we've strived to make this TWO-WAY Wrist Radio as much like DICK TRACY's as possible, and we're offering it to real DICK TRACY Fans at a price far lower than you'd expect to pay for even a one-way radio.

**WEAR IT LIKE ANY WATCH... LISTEN IN LIKE ANY RADIO**  
Just think of the fun you'll have using it... listening in to ball games... getting the low-down on things the very moment they happen. With a DICK TRACY TWO-WAY Wrist Radio you'll quickly become the most popular kid in town. But remember, quantity is limited, so if you want to be sure of getting yours you had better ACT NOW!

**USES RADAR DETECTOR SIMILAR TO THAT DEVELOPED DURING WAR!**  
Not just a dream... but a scientific reality! At last, radio engineers have developed a combination radio receiver and telephonic transmitter so compact you can wear it on your wrist. Specially built-in earphone assures private reception for your ears alone, and powerful RADAR detector pulls in far-off stations. Comes to you complete with aerial and ground connections. Order one and use it to listen to radio stations. Order TWO and you'll actually be able to transmit your voice from one building to another with amazing results. Get on the road to popularity! Amaze friends! Send for your DICK TRACY TWO-WAY Wrist Radio today!



### Supply Limited! Clip This Coupon and Mail!

Parker-Johns, 180 W. Randolph, Chicago 1, Ill., Dept. 278

☐ Please send me ONE Dick Tracy Wrist Radio for \$3.98

☐ I want to receive and transmit to a friend. Please send me TWO Dick Tracy Wrist Radios for only \$7.96

**CHECK** ☐ Ship postpaid. I am enclosing cash.

**ONE** ☐ Ship C.O.D. I'll pay postman total plus postage.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Residents of Illinois include 2% State Tax. Price in Canada add 50c. No C.O.D.'s



## AMERICAN BOYS BILL OF RIGHTS

**O**e... *The Boys of America*

believe in these **OUR RIGHTS**: the right to **LIBERTY**, hard-won by our forefathers & the right to **HAPPINESS** that comes with the growth of a healthy body and mind & the right to **TRAINING**, thoughtfully planned by parents, school and church & the right to **OPPORTUNITY**, to live, learn, play and grow up in the time-honored traditions of a free people & the right to learn to **SHOOT SAFELY**. We recognize and accept the responsibility imposed by these Rights. But & until we are old enough to vote & we expect **YOU** & our fathers, mothers and other citizens who elect America's city, county, state and federal officers & to be eternally vigilant that our **RIGHTS** be not abridged!

"The rights of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed!"  
(Quotation from the second Amendment to the United States Constitution)

### PICTURE FOR YOUR ROOM WALL!

A beautiful, large-size, full color reproduction of the American Boy oil painting and Boys Bill of Rights, suitable for sticking or thumb-tacking to your room wall... is yours postpaid for only 15c plus 3c unused stamp. Order now!



### GET YOUR DAISY HANDBOOK



For safer shooting, more fun. Comic strips, jokes, inventions, jet propulsion, cowboy lore, complete Daisy Catalog, etc. Pocket-size. Send 10c, unused 3c stamp, and coupon below!

### BIG BARGAIN SPECIAL!

We'll send postpaid both **Bill of Rights** oil painting reproduction and **Handbook**... for only 25c in coin while supply lasts. Hurry!

**DAISY** BULLS EYE SHOT and  
AIR RIFLES

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY  
8012 Union St., Dept. 7 • Plymouth, Michigan, U. S. A.

**SHOOT SAFE BUDDY!**

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 8012 Union St., Dept. 7, Plymouth, Michigan, U. S. A.

Rush to me postpaid your:

BILL OF RIGHTS PICTURE!

☐ I enclose 15c coins plus 3c stamp.

DAISY HANDBOOK!

☐ I enclose 10c plus 3c stamp.

PICTURE & HANDBOOK BARGAIN!

☐ I enclose 25c. Send me both.

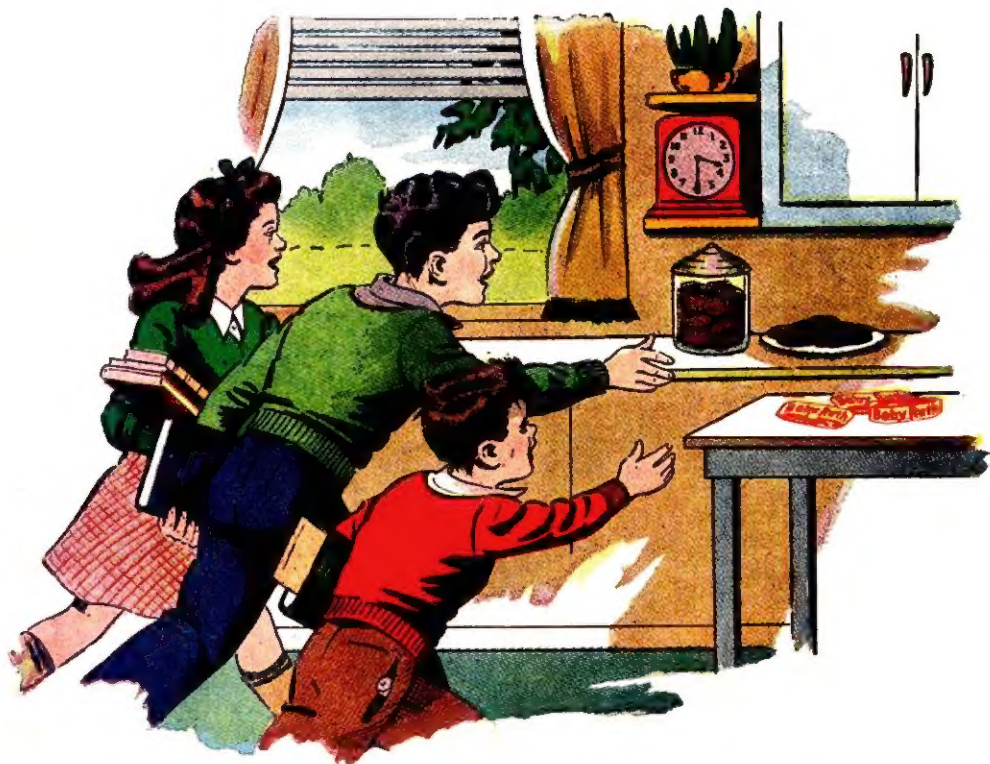
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**ANY TIME'S THE RIGHT TIME...**

They're my favorite!  
Cookies made with  
Baby Ruth  
Candy



**Buy 'em or  
Bake 'em!**

*Recipe on every wrapper*



**Good Fun :** You know that **Baby Ruth** tastes swell any time! The first bite of that luscious rich candy bar—you're set for real taste enjoyment! Enjoy a **Baby Ruth** often!

**Good Food:** Mom knows that after-school appetites are quickly satisfied with flavorful **Baby Ruth** candy! And she knows that **Baby Ruth** is rich in dextrose, the sugar your body uses directly for energy.

**CURTISS CANDY COMPANY • Producers of Fine Foods • CHICAGO 13, ILL.**